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LOUNGER.

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THE

LOUNGER.

N° 70. SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

AFTER a residence of many years in the southern part of this island, business concurring with the natural desire one has of revisiting one's native country, induced me to make a journey to Scotland in the beginning of last autumn. As I travelled on horseback, with a single servant attending me, I was tempted frequently to strike out of the common road, for the purpose of enjoying some of those romantic scenes with which the northern counties of England abound. One evening about sunset, after traversing a part of the country, of great beauty, but of a wild and uncultivated aspect, I entered suddenly a narrow valley, where every thing wore the appearance of high cultivation; and in the judicious blending of ornament with utility, it was easy to perceive that industry had been guided by the hand of taste.

While I rode at leisure down a steep and winding path, indulging that pleasing species of reverie to which a scene of this kind naturally gives rise, a small column of smoke ascending from a thick tuft of

trees at the bottom, gave notice of a habitation; and on turning the corner of a hedged inclosure, a low mansion broke suddenly upon my view, having in front about an acre of open ground, of which the greatest part was laid out as a kitchen-garden and shrubbery. A level grass-plot surrounded the house, which was separated from the garden by a white rail. The house itself was of one story, extending, in a lengthened front, with two small wings, at either end of which a fruit-tree was trained around the window. A green garden-chair was placed on each side of the door.

While surveying with much pleasure this little elegant retreat, I passed upon the road a ruddy-coloured, middle-aged man, in a plain country-dress, whose face, it immediately occurred to me, I had somewhere before seen. Uncertain, however, whether there might be any thing more than one of those accidental resemblances which we every day meet with (though I perceived that he at the same time viewed me with some attention), I passed on. Meeting afterwards with some labourers returning from work, I inquired the name of the proprietor of the little villa I had been contemplating, and was informed it was a Mr. *Saintfort*. The name struck me. I recollected to have known at college a Will. Saintfort, a young man of some fortune, of a lively turn, and quick parts, but in the greatest degree thoughtless and extravagant. I remembered to have since heard that he had married a fashionable wife, whose disposition was much akin to his own; and that he had in a very few years spent his whole fortune. "Can this," said I to myself, "be my old companion? Sure I thought I "knew his face, and he too recollected mine. It "must be so: yet how this metamorphosis?" Occupied with these thoughts, I had slackened my pace, and was surprised to find myself once more

joined by the gentleman I had before passed. 'If I mistake not,' said he, 'your name is D——.' —'Yes, and yours Saintfort.'—'The same. How unexpected this meeting!'——After much mutual gratulation, 'Come,' said he, 'you go no farther this night; nor, with my will, for some days. You must take a bed with your old friend, and see how Farmer Saintfort lives.'

Entreaty was needless; for I was delighted with the rencounter; and I followed my friend, who led the way, to the stables, and assisted himself in putting up my horses. He then conducted me into the house, which within corresponded entirely with its external appearance. In a little hall through which we entered were some angling rods and fowling pieces, with a weed-hood and garden-rake. In the parlour stood a piano-forte, on which lay a violin and some music; and in a corner of the room, which was shelved for the purpose, were ranged a few books of husbandry and ornamental gardening, some volumes of English poetry, Hutcheson's Moral Philosophy, Horace, and a few of the other Latin classics.

An old servant now made his appearance, and received orders to acquaint his mistress to prepare the stranger's bed-room, and to get ready an early supper. In the interval we sauntered out into the fields, and passed the time in ordinary chit-chat about our old companions, till we were summoned to supper by a comely boy of twelve years of age, who, with a girl three years younger, were my friend's only children. Mr. Saintfort introduced me to his wife by the title of an old and valued acquaintance; and I found in that lady the most perfect politeness and affability, joined to that easy gracefulness of manner which distinguishes those who have moved in a superior walk of life. Our supper was plain but delicious; an excellent pullet, milk in a variety of forms, and fresh

vegetables; our conversation interesting, animated, and good-humoured. In my life I never spent a more delightful evening. After Mrs. Saintfort had retired, (like Eve, 'on hospitable thoughts intent,') 'There,' said Saintfort, 'there, Mr. D——, is one of the first, the best of women. You knew me formerly; and I have marked the natural surprise you shewed at finding me in this situation. You shall have my story; for to an old friend and companion, simple as it is, it cannot fail to be interesting.'

"My father's death, which happened a few years after I entered to the university, made me, as you may remember, the envy of many of our common acquaintance, as it was generally supposed I had succeeded to a fortune of 2000l. a year. I had before this contracted many habits of extravagance; and the dissipation into which I now plunged, joined to an indolence of temper not uncommon at that period of life, prevented me for a considerable time from discovering that the free rents of my estate did not exceed one half of the income I was supposed to possess. Even after that discovery, the relish I had acquired for every species of fashionable dissipation, and the absurd vanity of supporting the appearance of a man of fortune, led me to continue my expences, after I had become convinced that they were leading me to my ruin.

"My vanity was not a little flattered by the attentions shewn me by the ladies, who, it was easy to be perceived, regarded me as a young fellow, of whom there was some honour in making a conquest. *Lucinda N——* was at that time the ornament of the politest circles in town. What her figure was in those days, you may guess from what you see it is at present. With every attraction of face and person, endowed with every fashionable accomplishment, and possessing a very handsome independent fortune, she

had numberless admirers. It was no mean triumph, when I perceived that this little despot, who exercised upon others all the capricious sovereignty of a coquette, maintained with me so opposite a manner as to convince me of her decided affection. I availed myself of the discovery, which gratified equally my pride and my passion; for I really loved her; and in my marriage with Lucinda, whose temper and taste were apparently much resembling my own, I flattered myself with the continued enjoyment of those fashionable pleasures, which I had now extended the means of procuring.

"When I look back to the first four years of my married state, it is like the confused remembrance of some tumultuous dream. In that perpetual dissipation in which we were now involved, and to which the gay and lively temper of my wife rather prompted than imposed any restraint, I did not perceive that her fortune, considerable as it was, was totally insufficient to repair the waste I had already made in my own. At length I was awakened from my lethargy by a refusal of my banker to make further advances without additional securities; and when I applied for that purpose to a friend, he frankly told me that I was generally considered as a ruined man.

"Instead of being overpowered by this intelligence, it brought me to my senses;—like those violent applications, which, by pain itself, put a stop to the delirium of a fever. I saw the folly of concealment, and the inhumanity of allowing my wife to learn our situation from any tongue but my own. But to make this terrible avowal, occasioned a conflict of mind, such as it is impossible for me to describe. I passed two sleepless nights, without finding courage to unbosom myself; and Lucinda's anxious inquiries at length led to the discovery. The shock

was severe, and for a moment she gave way to the natural feelings of a woman. It was but for a moment;—when, as if animated by a new soul, and inspired with a fortitude of mind which astonished me, 'Come, my dear Will,' said she, clasping me to her bosom, 'we have both been fools; it is fit that we should pay the price of our folly: but let us thence learn to be wise. Thank God we are blest with health, and with each other's affection; and there is yet much of life before us.'——'But what,' said I, 'is to be done?'——'To be done,' said she;—'Justice, in the first place. Let us learn with accuracy the full extent of our debts, and the means we have to discharge them.'

"It was a struggle yet more severe, to declare my situation to the world; and suffering under a feeling of false shame, I would have meanly wasted the time in useless procrastination: but the noble spirit of my Lucinda combated this unmanly weakness. It was no surprise to the world to learn with certainty what had long been expected. In a little time the amount of our debts and effects was ascertained with precision; and, setting apart a small proportion of my wife's fortune, which was secured to her by law, the rest, together with mine, fell short of the payment of our debts by 2000l. sterling. Having, however, made a fair surrender of all that was my own, I compounded with my creditors, and received their discharge.

"It remained to determine what was to be our plan of life for the future. An old domestic of my father's had been for several years settled in the North of England, where he rented this farm from the Earl of ——. Hither we proposed to retire for a few months, till we should arrange our future schemes. I was struck with the wild and romantic scenery of this beautiful dale; and, harassed as I had

been with care and anxiety, my spirits were soothed for some time by the quiet and solitude of the country. I own to you, my friend, that this composure of mind was not permanent. The man of the world cannot at once assume the manners and taste of a recluse. The change was too violent, from the tumult of my former life, to the dead calm in which I now passed my time. After some weeks acquaintance had worn off the edge of novelty, I no longer saw the same beauties in the fields, the woods, the rocks, that had at first engaged me. The manners of the country people offended by their vulgarity; and in the society of a few of the neighbouring gentry I found nothing to amuse a cultivated mind or engage a lively imagination. I looked back with regret to the splendour and bustle of my former life; and impossible as it was for me to indulge in the same gratifications, I would gladly have returned to town; and would, perhaps, have performed the same humiliating part I have seen exhibited by the decayed minions of fashion, spendthrifts like myself, who haunt, like ghosts, the places of public resort, content to be the spectators of those scenes where they have formerly figured as the most brilliant actors. My Lucinda saw with anxiety this increasing disgust, and her good sense directed to its proper remedy. 'We grow tired,' said she, 'of this life of inactivity. We languish for want of an object to occupy us. I have been meditating a small experiment; and if you approve, we shall put it in execution. What if we should for a while become farmers ourselves? You are surprised at the proposal, but let me explain my meaning. Suppose our good landlord should transfer to us the remainder of his lease; that he should have the charge of management, with a suitable recompense, while the chance of profit, and the risk of loss, should be ours. I know he will agree to it, for

I have sounded him on the subject. The laborious part, the business of agriculture, shall be his, while we occupy ourselves in decorating this little spot, with a thousand embellishments, which nature points out, and which your good taste could easily execute. Remember, it is only an experiment. Our bargain must be conditional. If we tire of it, we can when we please drop the scheme, and pursue any other we chuse to adopt.' To be short, Sir, I was pleased with the idea; our plan was soon arranged, and I became what you now see me, Farmer Saintfort.

"I set to work with alacrity in the business of improvement; and proceeding on the principle of uniting beauty with utility, I had, in the space of a few months, accomplished the outlines of that plan which I have been continually occupied since that time in finishing in detail. In this employment, in which the mind has much more share than is generally imagined, I found a source of pleasure infinitely beyond my expectation. Every day added to the beauties of my little paradise; and I had the satisfaction of finding that those operations which the motive of ornament had first suggested, were frequently of the most substantial benefit. The beautiful variety of the ground was obscured by an undistinguished mass of brush-wood. I enlarged the extent of my arable ground, by opening fields to the sun, which had lain hid under a matting of furze and brambles. In the formation of a fish-pond, I have drained an unwholesome fen, and converted a quagmire into a luxuriant meadow. At the end of the first year, my tutor in husbandry gave me hopes that the succeeding crop would double the returns which the farm had ever afforded under his management; and the event justified his prediction. How delightful, my dear friend, was it for me to perceive that the taste of my Lucinda seemed equally adapted with my own to our

new mode of life! Far from inheriting that instability of mind with which her sex is generally reproached, her ardour was unabated, and every thought was centered in the cares of her household and the education of her children. Completely engaged in these domestic duties, while I superintended the labours of the fields and garden, we had no other anxiety than what tended to give a zest to our enjoyments. In place of feeling time lie heavy on our hands, we rose with the sun, and found the day too short for its occupations.

"We had now learned, by experience, how very moderate an income is sufficient to purchase all the real comforts of life. At the conclusion of the third year, on summing up our accounts, we found a clear saving of 400l. This sum we might, perhaps, without any breach of what the world terms honesty, have considered as our own. But (thank God!) slaves as we had been to the world, we had better notions of moral rectitude. It was unfit that we should accumulate for ourselves, while there existed a single person that could say, we had done him wrong. We set apart this sum as the beginning of a fund for the payment of that equitable claim which yet remained to our creditors; and it is now some years since we could boast of having faithfully discharged the last farthing of our debts. The pleasure attendant on this reflection, you may conceive, but I cannot describe. How poor, in comparison to it, are the selfish gratifications of vanity, the mean indulgence of pampered appetites, and all the train of luxurious enjoyments, when bought at the expence of conscience!

"Since my residence here, I have more than once made a visit to town on an errand of business. I there see the same scenes as formerly; and others intoxicated, like myself, with the same giddy plea-

sures. To me the magical delusion is at an end; and I wonder where lay the charm which once had such a power of fascination. But one species of pleasure I have enjoyed from these visits, which I cannot omit to mention; the affectionate welcome I have received from the most respectable of my old acquaintance. I read from their countenances their approbation of my conduct; and in their kindness mingled with respect, I have a reward valuable in proportion to the worth of those who bestow it. Nor is the pleasure less which I derive from the regard and esteem of my honest neighbours in the country. Of their characters I had formed a very unfair estimate, when seen through the medium of my own distempered mind; and in their society my Lucinda and I enjoy, if not the refined pleasures of polished intercourse, the more valuable qualities of sincerity, probity, and good sense.

" Such, Sir, for these fourteen years past, has been my manner of life; nor do I believe I shall ever exchange it for another. The term of my lease has, within that period, been renewed in my own name, and that of my son. If a more active life should be *his* choice, he is free to pursue it. I should be content with the reflection of having bestowed on him a better patrimony than I myself enjoyed,—a mind uncorrupted by the prospect of hereditary affluence, and a constitution tempered to the virtuous habits of industry and sobriety."

Here Mr. Saintfort made an end of his story. I have given it as nearly as I could in his own words; and judging it to afford an example not unworthy to be recorded, I transmit it in that view to the author of a work which bids fair to pass down to posterity.

I am, Sir, yours,

J. D.

N° 71. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1786.

Quærite nunc habeat quam nostra superbia causam. OVID.

THERE is no complaint more common than that which is made against the pride of wealth. The claim of superiority which rests upon a circumstance so adventitious as that of suddenly-acquired riches, is universally decried as the insolent pretension of mean and illiberal minds, and is resisted with a greater degree of scorn and indignation, than perhaps any other encroachment of vanity or self-importance.

Yet one might observe in those who are loudest in the censure of this weakness, a certain shame of being poor, which in a great measure justifies the pride of being rich. One may trace this in their affectation of indifference to all those pleasures and conveniences which riches procure, and in the eulogium they often make, in despite of their own real feelings, of the opposite circumstances. When they are at pains to declare how much better the plain dish and home-brewed liquor suits their taste than the high-seasoned ragout and the high-priced wine, what is it but disguising their inability to procure the luxury under the pretence of their preferring its opposite? Poverty, in this case, flies from her own honourable tattered colours, to join the fresh and flaunting standard of Wealth; she allows the power of those very external circumstances by which Wealth lays claim to a superiority. The dignity of her station should be supported on other grounds: the little value of those external circumstances in which

Wealth has the advantage, when compared with the virtues and qualities which money cannot buy, when set in competition with that native purity and elevation of mind, which in the acquisition of wealth we frequently forfeit, and in its possession we frequently destroy.

Both in those who possess riches and in those who want them, false pretension often defeats itself. It would often be for the honour of Wealth if he could lay down his insolence, and for the happiness of Poverty if she could smooth her scorn. True benevolence and delicacy would teach both their proper duties, and preserve those cordial charities of life, which, in different stations and in different circumstances, promote alike the comfort of individuals and the general advantage of society.

But it is only over minds of a higher order that external circumstances do not possess a power to push them from that equilibrium in which virtue and happiness reside. Ordinary men will equally feel the inflation of prosperity, and the harshness of a less favourable situation; will in the one case incur the contempt and derision of the world, and in the other experience the grating of a ruffled spirit. Moderation and wisdom would teach the one to procure respect, and the other to attain good-humour.

I remember some years ago,—it was during the last war, and it is of no importance that I have forgot the exact date,—being invited to dine at the house of Mr. *Draper*, one of the most considerable merchants in this country. Mr. Draper twenty years ago was not worth a shilling; but by a course of industry, and great intelligence in his profession, he is reported since that time to have realized a very great fortune.

The principal part of our company, I found, upon entering the house, consisted of *Sir William Roberts*,

his Lady, and children. Sir William is a country gentleman, the representative of a very old and respectable family, whose ancestors were once in possession of a great estate; but partly from a want of œconomy in some of its proprietors, and partly from the change in manners and the mode of living, it is now dwindled down to a inconsiderable amount. Sir William, however, still feels strongly the pride of ancient family, and is apt to be hurt by the rise of those *new* men who are but of yesterday, and yet overtop him in wealth.

When I entered the drawing-room the company were pretty generally assembled. Sir William's manner attracted my notice, and I found in it the most finished complaisance and attention. There was a degree of politeness which carried in its appearance the utmost respect and condescension to Mr. Draper and his family; at the same time there was a formal distance which was calculated to prevent them from using any familiarity with him; and, instead of shewing that Sir William really felt high reverence for the company, contained evident marks of his considering himself as much above them. We stoop as well as rise with difficulty; 'tis only on even ground that we carry ourselves easily.

Draper's manner was very different. Without being in the least moved by Sir William's formal obeisance, he went on in his usual way, giving a display of the richness of his house and furniture. I had not been long in the company when he took occasion to observe, that he never knew the times so bad as now, and never was money scarcer. This very morning, continued he, I was applied to for payment of a bond for 10,000l. against next Whitsun-term; but instead of waiting for the term, I gave orders that the money should be paid immediately. Sir William looked, and was silent.

At this time there came into the room a son of Mr. Draper's, a boy about ten years of age. The boy was at the public school of the city; and that very day, agreeably to a pretty general custom, the scholars had been making a present or offering, as it is called, in money, to their masters. It is the practice, in such cases, for children of rich parents to vie with one another who shall give the greatest present; and the vanity of the parents is generally as much interested on the occasion as that of the sons. 'Papa,' says young Draper, 'I was King at school to-day, having given the highest offering.' Sir William said nothing; but his son, a lively little fellow, about the same age, and in the same class with Mr. Draper's son, sprung forward, and gave him a blow in the face, which set him a-crying. This incident produced some confusion, but the company was at length composed.

Dinner was now served up. It consisted of two magnificent courses and a dessert; and Mr. Draper frequently observed, that part of the dishes came from his little farm in the West Indies. Sir William eat but of one dish, observing, that he always found his health and his appetite best when he dined plainly.

After dinner, a great variety of wines were set upon the table. Sir William, instead of drinking the high-priced French and Hungarian wines, tasted nothing but a little Port and water; repeating his former observation, that as he eat, so he regulated his drinking, for his stomach's sake.

In a little time one of the servants brought in Mr. Draper's letters. Mr. Draper looked them over, and then began to talk of politics. He said, he had got a variety of important intelligence in the dispatches he had received, and talked with the confidence of a rich man, whose credit in point of information was as unimpeachable as in point of wealth.

He mentioned, in particular, information which that day's post had brought him, of the destination of a certain secret expedition then going on, and that he knew well the troops were about that time making good their landing at the appointed place. Sir William had, just the day before, received a letter from a cousin of his, the second in command on that expedition, telling him that the troops were not yet sailed, and that their object was still unknown. Sir William said nothing of this, but allowed Mr. Draper to plume himself on his superior information; only I, who knew the circumstance, observed a smile on the Baronet's face, of which I could translate all the conscious superiority.

My attention was now turned to the younger members of the two families. I observed Mr. Draper's eldest son, a good-looking lad of four and twenty, paying very particular attention to the eldest Miss Roberts, next whom he happened to be seated. This attention was not unobserved by the parents. Mr. Draper, with all his attachment to wealth, was not without the ambition of connecting his children with ancient blood; and an alliance with the family of the Robertses, who had long been at the head of the county, and had frequently represented it in parliament, would not have been disagreeable to him. As the Drapers had hitherto triumphed in their wealth, so now the Robertses began to triumph in their ancestry. Mr. Draper observed, that his was as yet but a young family, and said something of the high respect he had for the family of Sir William Roberts; how happy it made him that his present company had eat a bit of mutton with him, and what satisfaction it would give him to cultivate a closer friendship and connection with them. He therefore proposed that the company should drink a bumper to their better acquaintance; and insisted that Sir

William should give up his Port and water, and drink the bumper in Burgundy.——Upon this Miss Roberts drew off her chair as far as she could from young Mr. Draper: Lady Roberts bridled up—Mrs. Draper bridled up in return—Sir William drank off the bumper of Burgundy.

To break through the awkward silence which this had occasioned, I suggested that one of the young ladies should give us a song; which proposal was acquiesced in. Miss Draper sung an Italian air, which she had learned of a celebrated Master. Her father took occasion to tell the price of his lessons. 'It is now your turn,' said he to Miss Roberts. 'She never sings,' said her father, somewhat sternly. His daughter blushed, and was silent. Soon after the ladies withdrew. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in Sir William's drinking his Port and water, and in Mr. Draper and the greatest part of his company getting flustered in Burgundy and Claret. When at last, upon a message from Lady Roberts, Sir William joined her and his children in the lobby, and went off in the family-coach drawn by four horses, which had been employed in that service for fifteen years, and were driven by postilions with rich but old-fashioned liveries.

N° 72. SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1786.

———— *Sors ista Senectæ*
Debita. VIRG.

In every man's lot there are certain incidents, either regarding himself or those with whom he is closely connected, which, like mile-stones on a road, mark the journey of life, and call our attention both to that portion of it which we have already passed, and to that which it is probable we have still to go. The death or the marriage of a friend, his departure for a distant country, or his return from it, not only attract our notice to such events themselves, but naturally recall to our memories, and anticipate to our imaginations, a chain of other events connected with, or dependent upon them. Those little prominent parts of life stop the even and unheeded course of our ordinary thoughts; and, like him who has gained a height in his walk, we not only look on the objects which lie before us, but naturally turn to compare them with those we have left behind.

Though my days, as my readers may have gathered from the accounts I have formerly given, pass with as much uniformity as those of most men; yet there are now and then occurrences in them which give room for this variety of reflection. Some such lately crossed me in the way; and I came home, after a solitary walk, disposed to moralize on the general tenor of life, to look into some of the articles of which it consists, and to sum up their value and their use. When Peter let me in, methought he looked older than he used to do. I opened my memoran-

dum-book for 1775.—I can turn over the leaves between that time and this (said I to myself) in a moment—thus!—and, casting my eye on the blank paper that remained, began to meditate on the decline of life, on the enjoyments, the comforts, the cares, and the sorrows of age.

Of domestic comforts, I could not help reflecting how much celibacy deprives us; how many pleasures are derived from a family, when that family is happy in itself, is dutiful, affectionate, good-humoured, virtuous. I cannot easily account for the omission of Cicero, who, in his treatise '*de Senectute*,' enumerates the various enjoyments of old age, without once mentioning those which arise from the possession of worthy and promising children. Perhaps the Roman manners and customs were not very much calculated to promote this: they who could adopt the children of others, were not likely to be so exclusively attached to their own, or to feel from that attachment a very high degree of pleasure; or it may be, the father of Marcus felt something on the subject of children, of which he was willing to spare himself the recollection. But though a bachelor myself, I look with equal veneration and complacency on the domestic blessings of a good old man, surrounded by a virtuous and flourishing race, in whom he lives over the best days of his youth, and from whose happiness he draws so much matter for his own. 'Tis at that advanced period of life that most of the enjoyments of a bachelor begin to leave him, that he feels the solitariness of his situation, linked to no surrounding objects, but those from which the debility or the seriousness of age must necessarily divorce him. The club, the coffee-house, and the tavern, will make but a few short inquiries after his absence, and weakness or disease may imprison him to his home, without their much feeling the want of his

company, or any of their members soothing his uneasiness with theirs. The endearing society, the tender attentions of a man's own children, give to his very wants and weakness a sort of enjoyment, when those wants are supplied, and that weakness aided, by the hands he loves.

Though the celibacy of the female sex is still more reproached, and is thought more comfortless than that of ours, yet I confess it seems to me to possess several advantages of which the other is deprived. An old maid has been more accustomed to home and to solitude than an old bachelor, and can employ herself in many little female occupations which render her more independent of society for the disposal of her time and the amusement of her mind. The comparatively unimportant employments of the female world, which require neither much vigour of body nor much exertion of soul, occupy her hours and her attention, and prevent that impatience of idleness or of inactivity, which so often preys on men who have been formerly busy or active. The negative and gentler virtues which characterise female worth, suit themselves more easily to the languid and suffering state of age or infirmity, than those active and spirit-stirring qualities which frequently constitute the excellence of the male character. There are, no doubt, some females to whom this will not apply; to whom age must be more terrible than to any other being, because it deprives them of more. She whose only endowment was beauty, must tremble at the approach of those wrinkles which spoil her of her all; she to whom youthful amusements and gaieties were the whole of life, must dread more than death that period when they can be no longer enjoyed.

It need scarce be suggested, that, to lessen the evils, and increase the comforts of age in either sex,

the surest means are to be found in the cultivation and improvement of the mind in youth: to have something, as it were, in bank, on which to subsist the mind when the sources of external supply are cut off; to allow it some room for its natural activity when external employments have ceased; to preserve that energy of soul without which life is not only useless but burdensome. The former exercise of the imagination creates numberless pleasures, and its former soundness prevents numberless evils, to an old man. In proportion to the excellence of those objects over which it has formerly ranged, the review of age will be delighted or dreary, will call up elegant or gross, comfortable or distressing, elevating or humiliating, remembrances.

When I say, that of this better-cultivated old age the remembrances will be more delightful, I do not mean that they will be always more gay. Of melancholy remembrances this state will naturally be more susceptible, than those in which memory has less store, and active employment tends more to dissipate thought. But who would exchange melancholy remembrances for the apathy of him who thinks only of the present? Who would exchange, for unfeeling contentment, that creative memory which peoples the present time with past joys, past friendships, past love, though the recollection carries sadness along with it? The most melancholy of all reflections which an old man can make, when he looks around him, and misses the companions of his youth, the associates of his active days, and exclaims, in the natural language of Petrarch, '*Ed Io pur vivo!*' —even in this, to one of a good and pious mind, there is a certain elevation above the world, that sheds (so to speak) a beam of heavenly light upon the darkness around him.

A late correspondent, under the signature of *Atticus,* pleases and interests me much, by a natural, though it is not a new description of the various occupations and feelings of his old age. After mentioning the chequered nature of his past life, on the dark side of which he places the loss of an excellent wife, and several promising children, 'the memory of those dear objects,' says he, 'and the soothing hope that we shall soon meet again, is now the source of extreme pleasure to me. In my retired walks in the country, I am never alone; those dear shades are my constant companions.' *Shenstone,* with a felicity which perhaps our language could not have afforded him, has expressed this feeling in eight or nine words, to the force and tenderness of which I believe no other words could add. 'Tis in the inscription on *Miss Dolman's* urn, *Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!*'

In recollecting those whom time has swept from our remembrance, there are some characters whom, though we less respected, and, reasonably speaking, must less regret, we yet cannot help remembering with a feeling, if not so tender, perhaps fully as sympathetic, as the loss of much more dignified personages might produce.—'Alas, poor Yorick!'——Even in what I have passed of life, I recall at this moment the jests, the sallies, the thoughtless gaiety of several such characters, with whom one cannot easily connect an idea so serious as that of death, whom I still wonder at not meeting in the accustomed haunts of their amusement, and cannot, without violence to my imagination, think of as gone for ever.

The regrets of the old for such companions may be the easier allowed, from the circumstance of their time of life preventing them from the acquisition of any such again. But though nothing less becomes

an old man than the levity of youthful society and youthful amusements, yet to keep up such an interest in them as may preserve to himself the complacency of the young, and a certain enjoyment of their happiness, is one of the great ingredients of a happy old age. I smiled one day at seeing my friend Colonel *Caustic* busied in fitting up a fishing-rod for a school-boy, the son of a neighbouring gentleman, who wished to go an-angling on the stream that runs through the grounds. 'You think me very foolishly employed,' said the Colonel; 'but do not blame me, till your philosophy can shew a happier face of its making than my friend *Billy*'s there.'

Some old men forget that they are old, and some that they ever were young; the first are ridiculous in the imitation, the latter peevish in the restraint of youthful gaiety. This is, generally, the effect neither of good-nature in the one, or of wisdom in the other; but results, in the first, from a foolish vanity, and from an incapacity of those better employments and pleasures which suit their age; in the latter, from a splenetic regret of their incapacity for those employments and pleasures which suit it not.

Very different from this peevish intolerance of youth, is that sort of gentle dissatisfaction with the present time, which some of the best tempered old men are inclined to shew. As a young man, I never complained of this partiality which my seniors discovered for their own times, or the injustice they sometimes did to the present. 'Tis on the warmest and worthiest hearts that the impression of the former age remains the deepest. The '*Prisci conscius ævi*,' is one whom his coevals loved, and whom his juniors, whom he sometimes under-rates, should regard; as he who is warmest in the cause of his absent friend, is the man whose friendship we should be most solicitous to gain. Perhaps it may be accounted a sort of proof of

my approaching the period of partiality for the past, when I observe, that the present race of young men seem not likely ever to recall their younger days with the enthusiasm which some of my older acquaintance express for theirs. That indifference which modern fashion teaches her votaries will have nothing hereafter to remember with delight or to record with partiality. 'What audience' (said the same excellent friend whom I above quoted) 'What audience will they find in the nineteenth century, for their eulogium of the size of buckles, the height of capes, or the fashion of boots, in the year 1785?'

Of the foibles of age, avarice has long been cited as the most unreasonable and preposterous; yet, I think, it is much less to be wondered at, though not less to be blamed, than the declamation of moralists has generally supposed. When excluded from the pleasures which the use of money might procure, we substitute, if I may be allowed the expression, the archetype of enjoyment for enjoyment itself, and prize wealth as the end, when it has ceased to be the means. Old men are niggard of their money as they are profuse of their talk, because the possession of wealth is one of those pleasures in which they can equal younger men; as daws and starlings can pilfer and hoard, who are destitute of plumage and of song.

But there are uses of wealth which some worthy and wise old men discover, that may supply this want of object for its appropriation. To bestow it in the purposes of beneficence, is one of the ways of spending money for which a man is never too old; or if some are so unhappy as to have outlived the relish of this, it is only where they have been at little pains to keep up in their minds those better feelings, which prompt and reward good deeds. That pleasure which Colonel Caustic mentioned, of making happy

faces, is a sort of *fine art*, which some people never attain, and others easily lose.

Z

N°73. SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1786.

AMIDST the various branches of the Fine Arts in which Ancient Greece excelled, there seems to be none in which her pre-eminence stands more undisputed than that of *Sculpture*. In Music she was far distant from any perfection; and indeed it is in modern times only that this art has received its highest improvements. In Painting, too, whatever we may be told of the high admiration in which a Zeuxis and an Apelles were held by their countrymen, yet there is very good reason to believe that the moderns have far exceeded the ancients. In Poetry, though we shall not presume to say that other nations have gone beyond the Greeks; yet surely it must be allowed, that the Roman poets, as well as those of modern times, approach so near the Grecian models, as to suffer very little from the comparison. But in Sculpture the Greeks stand confessedly unrivalled, as having attained the summit of perfection. All the productions, not only of modern, but even of Roman Sculpture, are acknowledged to be inferior to those perfect and finished models which Greece produced. In short, however much the partisans of modern times may be inclined to dispute the palm with the ancients in others of the Fine Arts, yet in

that of Sculpture all seem to concur in confessing the superiority of the Grecian artists. And I think their arriving at such excellence in this art may be accounted for from very obvious and satisfactory causes.

Sculpture or Statuary is one of the imitative arts which mankind would very early practise; and accordingly there are few, even of the most uncultivated nations, among whom we do not find some rude attempts to form images in wood or in stone, if not in metal. To represent with any correctness and accuracy, a solid figure upon a plain surface would not so readily occur, as the idea of forming the resemblance of a man, or any other animal, in stone or marble. Painting, therefore, is of later invention than Statuary; and being an art of much greater difficulty, would consequently be much slower of coming to any considerable degree of perfection. To acquire the art of properly distributing light and shade, so as to make the several figures stand out from the canvass; to possess the power of animating those figures with the most natural and glowing colours; to throw them into groupes of a pleasing form; to preserve that perfect proportion of size and distance which perspective demands; are those excellencies of Painting which it has required the efforts and the experience of many successive ages to attain. To form a finished statue is neither so complex nor so difficult an art. To be able, by means of the chisel, to bring the rude block of marble to present the exact resemblance of the most graceful human form, is no doubt a surprising and beautiful effort of industry and genius; and it would require a considerable time before such an art could attain perfection; but that perfection being obviously much more easily attainable than any excellence in painting, so it would necessarily be much sooner acquired. As more rea-

dily to be acquired, it would naturally be more generally practised; and this circumstance again would, in its turn, accelerate the progress of the art.

The athletic exercises of the Greeks, joined to the natural beauty of the human form, for which their country and climate were distinguished, furnished ready models for Sculpture. To Painting they afforded much less assistance. The mere muscular exertions of the body are favourite objects of imitation for the Statuary, and from the successful copy he acquires the very highest degree of renown. Painting draws its best subjects from other sources; from the combination of figures, from the features of emotion, from the eye of passion. Groupes in Sculpture (if we except works in *relief*, which are much less distinct and striking than pictures) are perhaps too near nature to be pleasing. It is certainly true, as a most ingenious and excellent philosopher has observed, that we are not pleased with imitation when she presses too close upon reality: a coloured statue is offensive; and the wax-work figures of Mrs. *Wright*, which she dresses in the habits of the times, and places in various attitudes in different parts of the room, excite surprise indeed, but never produce delight. Sculpture, therefore, thus confined to single figures, seems little less inferior to Painting, than was the ode recited by one person at the feast of *Bacchus*, to the perfect drama of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*.

When Statuary reached its highest excellence in Greece, the art of Painting had made but a slender progress. The admiration of the works which their painters produced, seems to have proceeded more from a sense of the great difficulty of the art, and from surprise at the effects it produced, than from the pictures truly meriting the high praises we find bestowed upon them. To the eye of taste, the work

of the Statuary was the more complete and finished production; the art was accordingly more generally cultivated; and by the authors of antiquity the statues of Greece are more frequently mentioned than their paintings, are spoken of, and dwelt upon, in such terms as sufficiently shew them to have been considered as the superior and more admirable exertions of the taste and genius of that elegant people.

If we admit these circumstances to account for the very high degree of perfection which Grecian Sculpture attained, it will not be very difficult to explain why they have never been surpassed, and why the art itself has ever since declined. When any art has received a very high, or perhaps its utmost degree of perfection, this circumstance of itself necessarily destroys that noble emulation which alone can stimulate to excellence. Conscious of being unable to surpass the great models which he sees, the artist is discouraged from making attempts. The posts of honour are already occupied; superior praise and glory are not to be reached; and the ardour of the artist is checked by perceiving that he cannot exceed, and that, after all his efforts, he will not be able perhaps to equal the productions of those masters who have already the advantage of an established reputation.

It is for these reasons, as has been justly observed, that when the arts and sciences come to perfection in any state, they from that moment naturally and necessarily decline; and if this be the case, then surely the more perfect degree of excellence any art has attained, the more certain must be its after-decay. We may indeed carry the observation somewhat farther, and affirm, that if the art has arrived at the highest degree of perfection of which it is capable in any age, or in any situation, that art will not only naturally decline amongst the people where it so flourished, but that this circumstance will prevent its

ever being again brought to any considerable pitch of improvement amongst any other people, while the first perfect models remain. The excellence of Homer, whatever might be its effects on his own countrymen, did not repress the genius of Virgil or of Lucretius; nor did the reputation of these great poets of antiquity check the ardour of Tasso or of Milton. But the difference of language, the infinite choice of subjects, and the variety of powers which poetry can employ, prevent the eminence of a poet in one country from having much effect in damping the efforts of the poets in another. With regard to Sculpture, however, the case is widely different. No diversity of subjects, no variety of powers to exert, no difference in the mode of expressing his conceptions, fall to the share of a Statuary. A correct representation of the exterior human form, marked perhaps with some of the stronger expressions of the countenance, the chusing a graceful or a striking figure, the throwing it into a pleasing or an interesting attitude, and the finishing the whole production with the most nice and exquisite workmanship, constitute the utmost limits of the Sculptor's art. When the highest excellence in these, therefore, has been attained, and while those perfect models remain, they must ever after repress emulation in the art, and crush all the efforts of genius.

Together with this general cause, there is another which has very much contributed to the decline of the art of Sculpture in modern times, and that is, the great improvements, and the extraordinary pitch of excellence which Painting attained soon after the revival of arts and letters in Europe. This had naturally the effect of directing the attention of all ingenious artists to cultivate the art of Painting, where glory and praise were sure to be acquired, rather than to Statuary, where no laurels were to be won. The

models of ancient Statuary held the place of nature to the study and imitation of the great artists of that time: but imitative ingenuity and ambition had no room in working on marble, after marbles already perfect. To translate them (if I may be allowed the expression) into painting, was an object that gave emulation scope; and in fact it happened that the chisel of the Greeks was the great guide of the Roman pencil. Not only the novelty of the art of Painting, in consequence of the improvements it had received, but also the greater field which it afforded for the exertions of genius, contributed to render it the great object of attention. The more perfect representation it exhibited of the human form by the aid of colouring, the variety of figures which it admitted of being introduced, and the opportunity it presented of interesting and engaging the passions of the beholder, were all circumstances which naturally concurred to make it be held the more favoured and estimable display of an artist's power.

D

N° 74. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1786.

It is a well-known consolation to distress, to be told of the like infelicity which others endure. Perhaps, therefore, my late correspondent *Mr. Easy* may not be displeased to read the following letters, which will shew him, if the relations of my correspondents are to be relied on, that matches of love, as well as of prudence, may have their disadvantages; that a

wife's affection, as well as her œconomy, may imprison a man's person, may exclude him from his best society, and abridge his most innocent amusements.

To the Lounger.

SIR,

It was my misfortune to lose my father in a few months after I came into the world. He was a gentleman of family in the county of ——, where he possessed a moderate fortune, and had married my mother not much above a year before his death. When she was thus deprived of her husband, she had not finished her twentieth year, and possessed an uncommon share of beauty, heightened and improved by every graceful accomplishment. Warmly attached to my father, she found no relief from her sorrows, as I have often heard her say, but in those cares and in that attention which it was necessary to pay to me in my infancy. As I grew up, I became the sole object of my mother's solicitude, and she transferred to me all the affection which she had borne to my father. I was not ungrateful for all this kindness; and in my mother I found not only a parent whom I respected, but a friend whom I loved; one to whom I was accustomed to unbosom myself with perfect freedom and confidence. Except a few years, which on account of my education we passed in town, we resided chiefly at the family-seat in the country. As we saw but few company, much of our time was spent in reading, which indeed came to be our favourite amusement. My mother's taste in books coincided entirely with mine. Though we sometimes read a little history, yet novels were our favourite amusement; and though my mother possessed taste enough to admire the elegance of a *Robertson* and the simplicity of a

Hume, yet we read such authors as a sort of task, from which we returned with pleasure to the delightful page of a *Richardson* or *Riccoboni*. In this charming solitude my days glided sweetly along, and I never formed a wish to quit the society of my beloved mother, or to change the condition of my life. Before I had finished my eighteenth year, proposals of marriage had been made to me by several gentlemen of rank and condition. As it had ever been the avowed principle of my mother, that in that important particular a woman ought to be left at perfect freedom, she upon every such occasion declined to give any opinion, telling me, that as the happiness of my life was to depend upon the choice I should make, I had only to consult the dictates and feelings of my heart. Thus left by the tenderness of my mother to the freedom of my own will, I found no difficulty in giving an answer to my suitors. Respectable as they might be, they could not bear a comparison with those characters which I had been accustomed to love and to admire in my favourite authors; and it had long been my fixed opinion, that without a certain hallowed sympathy of soul, a sacred union of hearts, there was a degree not of indelicacy only, but of criminality, in forming the nuptial bond.

One day, as my mother and I were upon our way to pay a visit at the house of a lady in the neighbourhood, our road led us along the side of a river, whose high banks, covered with wood, formed a most romantic and delightful scene. While we were admiring the beauties of it, some accident scared our horses on the very brink of a steep precipice; and in all likelihood the consequence would have proved fatal, had not a gentleman at that instant come to our assistance, and rescued us at the hazard of his own life. Charmed with the spirit of our deliverer, I had now time to examine him with a little more attention. In

the bloom of youth, he possessed one of the finest forms I ever beheld, with a countenance animated and interesting in the highest degree. Perhaps the little adventure which introduced him to us, disposed me to view him at that moment with a partial eye. Little accustomed as I was to conceal the emotions of my mind, he must have been blind indeed if he did not perceive that I was pleased at finding he was going to the same house where my mother and I intended to pay a visit. If the first appearance of the stranger pleased me, his address, and manner, and conversation, charmed me still more. In a word, Sir, I found in him all the graces of a *Lovelace*, all the virtues and accomplishments of a *Grandison*, all the sentiment and tenderness of a *Lord Ossory*. Sir W. Denham (for that was his name) appeared to me the most amiable man I had ever seen. I need not trouble you with a recital of the progress of our acquaintance. Suffice it to say, that he made a complete conquest of my heart, and that I consented to give him my hand.

Immediately after our marriage we went to his family-seat in the country. There the tenderness and the attachment of my husband seemed daily to increase. He lived but to gratify my wishes, and I fondly fancied myself the happiest of woman-kind. Alas, Sir! what a cruel thing it is to have known felicity, and then to be plunged in wretchedness; I, Sir, am now as miserable as once I was happy. Not to keep you in suspense, I have lost the affections of my husband. Of this I have hourly the most mortifying and the most unequivocal proofs. The first symptom I discovered of an alteration in his sentiments, was the pleasure I found he took in other society, and amusements of which I could not partake. When his country neighbours come to visit him, he will sit a whole evening over his bottle with them,

while I languish alone, neglected and forlorn. Nay, Sir, before we were many months married he had the barbarity to leave me for a whole fortnight, which he spent in the Highlands, on a shooting party, as he called it. Not only does he prefer those frivolous amusements to me, but he even abandons my society, on a pretence that the management of his affairs requires it. At this moment he is at an estate he has in a distant county, where he says he will be detained by business for several weeks. What is business or affairs to me, who would with pleasure have descended from a throne to make him happy!

I am persuaded, Sir, you will enter into my distress, and feel the justice of my complaints. As my husband is a constant reader of your paper, I hope that the picture of my situation may strike him, and lead him to alter a conduct which I own I am unable longer to endure. Yours, &c.

LOUISA DENHAM.

I had hardly done reading this letter, when I received the following:

SIR,

At the age of twenty-two, I succeeded to a paternal estate of 2000l. Soon after the death of my father, to whom I was indebted for an excellent education, I set out on my travels; and after making the Grand Tour, I returned to my native country at the age of twenty-six, and found myself possessed of a fortune more than sufficient for my wishes, with a sound constitution, a disposition to enjoy all the pleasures of society, and a heart susceptible of friendship and attachment. Soon after my return, a fortunate accident introduced me to the acquaintance of Miss Louisa M———. Although accustomed to see and to admire beauty, yet I could not help being

forcibly struck with that of Miss M——. Beauty, however, though it may dazzle for a moment, seldom makes a lasting impression on one who had seen so much of the world as I had. But there was something at once interesting in the looks and engaging in the manners of Louisa, that attracted me with an irresistible charm. Even her artless simplicity, and her ignorance of the world, rather pleased from its novelty; accustomed to the *coteries* of Paris, and the society of women whose conversation, ideas, and manners differed little from that of the men with whom they lived, I was charmed with the *naïveté* of Louisa. In her observations there was a remarkable delicacy and justness of thought, often, it is true, accompanied with a degree of romantic wildness and enthusiasm, which, so far from displeasing, served rather to throw an additional charm around her.

I soon found that I was not indifferent to Miss M——; and having paid my addresses to her, was honoured with her hand. For some time after our marriage, I was completely happy; and would have continued so, were it not for one single weakness in my Louisa, which has occasioned much uneasiness to us both, and will, I fear, if not corrected, embitter all our future days. 'Tis of such a sort, Mr. Lounger, that I have no term by which to blame it; I can only describe it by instances. When I went home after my marriage, my neighbours naturally came to pay their compliments on the occasion. Although I sometimes would rather have dispensed with their presence, which I could not help feeling as an interruption to that happiness which I experienced in the conversation of my Louisa; yet common civility required that I should receive them with politeness. One day Sir George Hearty, an old friend of my father's, and ever warmly attached to the interest of our family, came to dine with me.

As I knew that Sir George liked his bottle, I, though naturally averse to any approach to excess in the way of drinking, could not help indulging the good old man in a glass extraordinary. When we rose from table, I found my wife in her apartment dissolved in tears. Astonished and affected to the last degree, I inquired the cause with all the impatience of the most anxious solicitude. At length she, with a look of melancholy that distressed me to the soul, said, that she found no happiness in any society but mine; and that if I loved like her, I could find no pleasure but in her's.

Not long after, I received a letter from the son of an English nobleman, with whom I had been educated at school and at college, and with whom I had ever after lived in habits of the strictest friendship, putting me in mind of an engagement I had come under when last in London, to show him some parts of the Highlands in Scotland, and to pass some time with him there in growse-shooting. I immediately made the necessary preparations for this excursion, and not doubting that my wife would be happy to show every mark of attention to the chosen friend of my youth, I wrote to him to hasten his journey to Scotland. When he arrived, it was with pain that I observed that my Louisa, so far from participating the joy I felt at the sight of my friend, seemed to sink in spirits in proportion as I was overjoyed on the occasion,

I left her in a situation which distressed me at the time, and the reflection of which damped all the joy I should otherwise have found in the society of my friend. I shortened our excursion, although I saw it rather disappointed him, in order to get home as soon as possible. Instead of being received by my Louisa with that pleasure which I experienced in seeing her after this short absence, I found her still

oppressed with that melancholy in which I had left her. It is needless, Sir, to detain you with a detail of further particulars. In a word, I find that my wife considers my partaking in any amusement, joining in any society, or engaging in the most necessary and essential business, as a mark of want of attachment and affection to her. That romantic turn of mind, which at first charmed me so much, and which her natural good sense has not enabled her to restrain within due bounds, leads her to see every object through a medium very remote from the occurrences of ordinary life. As she is a reader of the *Lounger*, I beg you will favour us with a paper on the danger of encouraging this engaging sort of delusion, so apt to captivate a young and a virtuous mind, but which I find, from fatal experience, leads to much misery and distress.—Yours, &c.

W. DENHAM.

It might be supposed, that the *Lounger*, who has somehow been led to confess himself a bachelor, would not be much dissatisfied at receiving, in such letters as the above and *Mr. Easy*'s, a sort of testimony of the inconveniencies of marriage. He must however declare, that they afford him no kind of satisfaction; nor indeed do the complaints of those correspondents induce him to think at all unfavourably of that state in which they have found the embarrassments they describe. Want of judgment in our choice, or ridiculously sanguine expectations from what we possess, will, in every article of life, produce disappointment and chagrin; and the situation from which the greatest felicity may be drawn, must necessarily be that from which most uneasiness may spring. But the relations of misfortune are ge-

nerally exaggerated. From *Mrs. Easy* I have received a letter denying more than half of her husband's assertions. My correspondent *Alcander*'s relation on the other side of the question, meets with perfect credit from me. I myself know several couples as happy as his *Euphanor* and *Almeria*; it is probably owing to the truth of its recital, that his letter seems to me not so well calculated for the entertainment of my readers, as those which perhaps borrow a little from fiction, to furnish out their distresses. The epistles of to-day, in particular, I have taken the liberty to read to some of the most creditable of my married acquaintance, who are unanimous in declaring the distress of which they complain to be perfectly out of nature.

E V

N° 75. SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1786.

E' troppo barbara quella legge, che vuol disporre del cuor delle donne a costo della loro rovina.

GOLDONI.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR, *Avignon, May* 1786.

You will perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from this place; but if you possess that benevolence which from your writings one is led to ascribe to you, the unfortunate from any quarter may claim some of your notice. My story, I believe, will not be without its use; and if you knew that sort of melancholy

indulgence which I feel in addressing a letter to my native country!—But I will not give way to feeling; I mean simply to relate; and situated as I am, banished from the world, and lost to myself, I can tell my story,—I think I can,—as that of a third person, in which though I may be interested, I will yet be impartial.

My father possessed a small patrimonial estate in the county of ——, and married, in early life, a lady whose birth was much above her fortune, and who unluckily retained all the pride of the first, though it but ill suited the circumstances of the latter. The consequences were such as might naturally be looked for. My father was involved in an expensive style of life, which in a few years obliged him to sell his estate for payment of his debts. He did not live to feel the distresses to which he might have been reduced; and after his death my mother took up her residence in a country-town, where the pittance that remained from the reversion of my father's effects, assisted by a small pension from government, which a distant relation of my mother's procured for us, enabled her to educate me on that sober plan which necessity had now taught her to adopt.

Our situation, however, still allowed her to mix something of the genteel in my education: and the place in which we lived was inhabited by several families, who, like us, had retired from more public and expensive life, and still retained somewhat of that polish which former intercourse with the fashionable world had conferred. At the age of seventeen, therefore, I was, I believe, tolerably accomplished; and though I knew nothing of high life, nor indeed wished to know it, yet I possessed a degree of refinement and breeding rather above what the circumstances of my mother might have been expected to allow.

Of my beauty, I was, like other girls, somewhat vain; but my mother was proud to an extreme degree. She looked upon it as a gift by which my fortune and hers were to be made, and consequently spared no possible pains to set it off to advantage. Its importance and its power were often inculcated on me; and my ambition was daily inflamed by the recital of the wealth and station which other girls had acquired by marriages to which their beauty alone had entitled them. I think I heard those instances with more indifference than my mother wished I should; and could not easily be brought to consider all happiness as centered in riches or in rank, to which her wishes and hopes were constantly pointed.

These hopes, however, accident put it in her power to accomplish. At the house of one of the genteelest of our acquaintance (who had two daughters nearly of my age) we met with Mr. M——, a gentleman whom the lady of the house introduced particularly to us, as a man of great fortune and singular worth. Mr. M—— was past the meridian of life; he had the look and air of a man who had seen the world, and talked on most subjects with a degree of shrewd and often sarcastic observation, which met with much applause from the older part of the company, but which was not at all calculated to please the younger. The enthusiasm of attachment, of feeling, and of virtue, which our reading sometimes induced us to mention, he ridiculed as existing only in the dreams of poetry, or the fanciful heroes of romance; but which sense or experience neither looked to find in others, nor ventured to indulge in ourselves. In short, my companions and I hated and feared him; and neither our aversion or our fear was at all removed by the lectures of our mothers on his good sense and agreeable manners.

These lectures were at last bestowed with particular emphasis on me, and, after a day or two's preamble of general commendations, he was formally proposed to me by my mother as a husband. He himself, though he made his court chiefly to her, was now pretty sedulous in his attentions to me; and made many speeches to my beauty, and protestations of his love, which I heard with little emotion, but which my mother, and her friend whose guests we were, represented as the genuine expressions of the most sincere and ardent attachment. Of love I had formed such ideas as girls of my age generally do; and though I had no particular preference for any one else, I did not hesitate in refusing him, for whom I had hitherto conceived nothing but disgust. My refusal increased the ardour of my lover in his suit: to me he talked in common-place language of the anguish it caused him; to my mother he spoke in the language of the world, and increased his offers in point of settlement to an exorbitant degree. Her influence was proportionally exerted. She persuaded, implored, and was angry. The luxury and happiness of that state which I might acquire were warmly painted; the folly, the impiety, of depriving myself and her of so comfortable an establishment, was strongly held forth; the good qualities and generosity of Mr. M—— were expatiated on; those ideas which I ventured to plead as reasons for my rejection were ridiculed and exploded.——At my time of life, unused to resistance, fond of my mother, and accustomed to be guided by her; perhaps, too, somewhat dazzled with the prospect of the situation which this marriage would open to me! it is not surprising that my first resolutions were overcome. I became the wife of Mr. M——.

For some time the happiness they had promised seemed to attend me. My husband was warm,

if not tender in his attachment; my wishes for myself were not only indulged, but prompted; and his kindness to my mother and my friends was unbounded. I was grateful to Mr. M——; I regarded I esteemed, I wished to love him. On the birth of a son, which happened about a year after our marriage, he redoubled his assiduities about me. I was more happy, more grateful; I looked on my boy, his father caressed him: and then it was that I loved Mr. M—— indeed.

This happiness, however, it was not my good fortune long to enjoy. Some projects of political ambition, in which Mr. —— was engaged, called him from those domestic enjoyments which seemed for a while to have interested him, into more public life. We took up our residence in the capital, and Mr. M—— introduced me to what is called the best company. Of his own society I soon came to enjoy but little. His attachment for me began visibly to decay, and by degrees he lost altogether the attentions which for a while outlived it. Sullen and silent when we were alone, and either neglectful or contemptuous when we had company, he treated me as one whom it would have degraded him to love or to respect; whom it was scarce worth while to hate or to despise. I was considered as merely a part of his establishment; and it was my duty to do the honours of his table, as it was that of his butler to attend to his side-board, or of his groom to take care of his horses. Like them too, I was to minister to his vanity, by the splendor of my appearance; I was to show that beauty of which he was master, in company and at public places, and was to carry the trappings with which he had adorned it, to be envied by the poor, and admired by the wealthy. While my affection for him continued, I sometimes remonstrated against this. His answers were first

indifferent, and then peevish. Young, giddy, and fond of amusement, I at last began to enjoy the part he assigned me, and entered warmly into that round of dissipation, which for a while I had passed through without relish, and often with self-reproach. My son, who had been my tie to home, he took from me, to place him in the family of a former tutor of his own, who now kept a French academy; and I never had a second child. My society was made up of the gay and the thoughtless; women who, like me, had no duty to perform, no laudable exertion to make, but who in the bustle of idleness were to lose all thought, and in the forms of the world all honest attachment.

For a considerable time, however, a sense of right, which I had imbibed in my infancy, rose up occasionally to embitter my pleasures, and to make me ashamed of the part I was acting. Whenever Mr. M—— took the trouble of perceiving this, it served him but as a subject for ridicule. The restraints of religion, or nice morality, he was at pains to represent as the effects of fanaticism and pedantry; and when I seemed surprised or shocked at the principles he held forth, he threw in a sneer at my former situation, and hinted, that but for him I had been still the awkward ignorant thing he found me.

Yet this man expected that I should be virtuous, as that word is used by the world; that I should guard that honour which was his, while every other principle of my own rectitude was extinguished. For a long time it was so. My horror at that degree of depravity was not to be overcome, even amidst the levity, to call it no worse, of manners which I saw continually around me, and which, as far as it was a mark of fashion, he seemed to wish me to participate. Still in the possession of youth and beauty, I did not escape solicitations; but I repelled them with a de-

gree of resentment which I often heard the very man whose honour it guarded treat as affectation in any woman who should pretend it. He would frequently repeat from the letters of Lord *Chesterfield*, that a declaration of love to a woman was always to be ventured, because, even though it was rejected, she would accept of it as a compliment to her attractions. I had soon opportunities of knowing that Mr. M—— was as loose in his practice as in his principles. His infidelities, indeed, he was not at much pains to conceal; and while I continued to upbraid him, was at almost as little pains to excuse.

In such circumstances, was it to be wondered at if my virtue was not always proof against the attacks to which it was exposed? With a husband unequal in years, lost to my affection, as I was cast from his, and treating me as one from whom no love or duty was to be expected; a husband whose principles were corrupt, whose conversation was loose, whose infidelity gave a sort of justice to mine; surrounded at the same time by young men whose persons were attractive, whose manners were engaging, whose obsequious attentions were contrasted with my husband's neglect, and whose pretended adoration and respect were opposed to his rudeness and contempt:—Was it wonderful, that thus situated, exposed to temptation, and unguarded by principle, I should forget first the restraints of prudence, and then the obligations of virtue?

Resigned as I now am to my situation, I can look on it as a kind interposition of Providence, that detection soon followed my first deviations from virtue, before I had lost the feelings of shame and contrition, before I had wandered an irrecoverable distance from duty, from principle, from religion. Here, in this place of banishment which the mercy of my husband allotted me, I have met with some benevolent

guides, who have led me to the only sources of comfort for misery and remorse like mine; who have given me a station in which, amidst the obloquy of the world, amidst the humiliation of repentance, I can still in some degree respect myself; who have taught me to cultivate my mind, to improve its powers, to regulate its principles; who have led me to a juster value of this life, to a sincere hope of the next.

Humbled, and I trust improved by affliction, I will not indulge either vindication or resentment; the injuries I have done my husband I am willing to expiate (as, alas! he knows I do) by penitence and by suffering; yet, for his own sake, and for the warning of others, let me ask him, If for these injuries to him, and sufferings to me, he never imputes any blame to himself? I am told he is loud in his charges of my ingratitude and perfidy. I again repeat, that I will not offer to apologise for my weakness or my crimes. But it would be more dignified in him, as well as more just, were he to forget rather than to reproach the woman whose person he bought, whose affections he despised, whose innocence he corrupted,—whose ruin he has caused!

SOPHIA M——.

V

Nº 76. SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1786.

THIS day's Paper I devote to correspondents. The first of the following letters I was particularly desirous to insert soon, as its subject is of that transient kind which might suffer from delay. In dress, as well as in character, there is often, in these times of change, 'the *Cynthia* of the minute.'

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

Brown Square, Edinburgh,
July 6, 1786.

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND that gentlemen who formerly held the same sort of office which you now exercise among us, were in use to appoint certain deputies, to whom they committed particular departments. As you, Sir, seem now to be so well established in yours, that you may possibly think of following their example, I make bold to solicit an appointment, or, failing of that, your patronage at least to an undertaking, of which this town seems to stand much in need, and for which I flatter myself I am tolerably well qualified.

One of your extensive observation, Mr. Lounger, must have remarked how defective we are in point of general or early information in dress, and how long it is before we accommodate ourselves universally to that perfect standard which the metropolis of England affords. We are often miserably in the rear of

the fashion; and, except one or two favoured ladies, who have been accidentally in London, the bulk of our fine women do'nt get into the mode till it is quite upon the wane among our southern neighbours. The *Ostrich* head did not make its appearance here till half a season after it had been worn in London. The other end of the ostrich was still later of reaching us. That was indeed partly owing to an accident; the first set (as it is a bulky article) was coming down by sea in a ship that was wrecked, and a friend of mine, who had the merit of the first commission, lost considerably in bottomry on the vessel. At this very moment I see pass my door a great many Brimstone ribbons, though it is two months since my letters from London inform me they were quite out there. As long ago as the *Commemoration*, there were none but *Celestials* present, not a single *Brimstone* in the Abbey.

This inconvenience, Sir, might easily be remedied by a speedier communication of intelligence between the capitals of England and of Scotland, more especially if a public appointment were made of some person from whom such intelligence could here be obtained, and who should be answerable for its authenticity. 'Tis for this office, Mr. Lounger, I venture to propose myself. I have been at a good deal of pains, Sir, to establish such a correspondence at London, and even at Paris, as I trust will enable me to supply myself, not only with intelligence, but with *models* of every article of Dress, as soon as it grows into confirmed fashion; and I will take care to exhibit at certain stated seasons a set of *Poupées*, which I flatter myself will convey from my shop-window a perfect idea of the reigning dress and undress of the fashionable world. At present, the little figures which are stationed there, are looked on merely as toys for children; but I hereby give

notice, that, with your leave, Mr. Lounger, I shall, on the first day of the ensuing race-week, convert them to a more dignified as well as a more useful purpose; that they will then represent, on one side of my window, a set of fashionably dressed gentlemen, and on the other a party of fashionably dressed ladies.

There never, I imagine, Sir, was a period when such a standard was of so much importance in this country. The proportion of the value of dress to that of the wearer, particularly in the Fair-sex, is wonderfully increased of late years in Edinburgh. Of the first I think I am a tolerably good judge, and can estimate, I believe, within a few shillings (supposing the underworks to be of the ordinary materials), the value of any lady's apparel. Of the value of the lady herself I do not pretend to be a judge: in some instances within my little experience, I have observed the estimate to differ considerably at two different periods, as it happened to be made by the lover or the husband; at the first, they bore a premium, as we say in business; at the latter, there was rather a discount. But taking things at an average, I am told, our mothers and grandmothers were as precious in themselves as our wives and daughters. But as for their covering, there is, in all ranks, a great increase of cost, even in my time: for though the old *Points* and *Brocades* came high at first, they went through generations, like an entailed estate: our dress has as much the advantage in variety as in elegance; it does not outlast a lady's fancy. 'Twas but t'other morning I sold some of my *Bloom of Roses* to the wife of a grocer of my acquaintance, who looked at some of my toys from beneath a bonnet that must have stood her in a couple of guineas at the least; yet were she to be set up to auction—but I wish to avoid all personal reflections, Mr. Lounger.

You, Sir, who understand such subjects, might perhaps wish to correct the disproportion between apparel and station, between the gaudiness of dress, and the age and character of the wearer: I only pretend to regulate it according to the mode, or perhaps a little according to the complexion. In both I see the greatest mistakes at present. There is a lamentable neglect among us of all propriety in that matter. We are ill informed even of the names of the articles we wear. People come to years of discretion scarce know the difference between a plain Hat and a *Lunardi*; and I have heard a lady, who I was told had a very good education, mistake a *Parachute* for a *Fitzherbert*.

Besides the knowledge of dress in the abstract, Mr. Lounger, there is another branch of instruction, which lies, if I may presume to say so, in the middle between your province and mine, that is, the art of making the most of one's self in one's dress, after one has got it on. I believe, Sir, I can find an assistant who will undertake this department; who can teach the ladies the smart toss suitable to the new-fashioned turned-up hat, the languish of eye that is to be practised under the curtain of the *Lunardi*, and the hoydenish roll that becomes the *Laitiere*; and in the same way, who will shew the gentlemen the lolling air that suits the open waistcoat and slender switch, and the fierce one that accords with the knotted neckcloth and short thick bludgeon. In the mean time, however, I shall content myself with exhibiting my figures in a quiet state: if I meet with suitable encouragement, I may, with my friend's assistance, turn them into *Automata*, and teach them to go through their exercise after the most approved method.—I have the honour to be, with great respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. JENKIN.

I own I was a little surprised at the style of Mr. Jenkin's letter, till, turning over the leaf, I found a postscript, in which (after urging a plea of favour on account of the late imposition of the perfumery-tax which was to take place the very day his letter is dated) he candidly acknowledges that the substance only of the letter is his own, but that his proposal was put into shape by a neighbour and customer of his. I am perfectly satisfied of the usefulness of his plan; and, as far I may assume any jurisdiction in the matter, am extremely willing to invest him with the appointment in question, provided the gentleman who wrote his letter continues to act as his secretary.

As to his proposal of teaching young Ladies and Gentlemen the *exercise* of dress, I shall take time to consider of it. At present I am rather inclined to believe it unnecessary. I think he does my countrymen and countrywomen injustice in supposing them to require instruction in that particular. On some late field-days, or rather field evenings, at which I happened to be present, I have seen some of them go through their evolutions in a very masterly and mistressly manner.

The second letter was left at my Editor's, as the shop-boy informed Mr. Creech, by a short round-faced gentleman, who seemed, when he gave it in, to be very much out of humour.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

I can't help complaining to you of a grievance which I do not remember to have seen taken notice of, at least not exactly in the way it affects me, in any treatise on Conversation.

Here in the coffee-house I frequent (and you, for aught I know, may have often witnessed the thing in your proper person) is one Mr. *Glib*, who is the greatest *questioner* I ever met with in the whole course of my life. This, however, though plague enough of itself, is but half the injury of which we have to complain from him. Mr. Glib, Sir, not content with the question, always takes the answer upon him likewise; so that it is impossible to get in a word. I shall illustrate my meaning by giving you, *verbatim*, his conversation this morning. He came in wiping his forehead, and, as I hoped, out of breath; but he was scarcely seated when he began as usual: 'Mercy on us! how hot it is! Boy, fetch me a glass of Port and water. Dr. *Phlogiston*, did you observe what the thermometer stood at this morning? Mine was at 76 in the shade.—Well, this has cleared my throat of the dust a little.—What a dust there is in the New Town! Gentlemen, were any of you in Prince's Street since breakfast? I went to call on a friend who lives at the farther side of the Square, and I had like to have been smother'd.—Sir John, how were you entertain'd at the play last night? *Mrs. Pope*'s playing was admirable. Were not you amazed at the thinness of the house? But fashion, not taste, rules every thing. Give the women but a crowd within, and a squeeze at the door, and they don't care a pin for the excellence of

the entertainment.—Captain *Paragraph*, how long is it since the post came in? I got my paper about an hour ago.—When is it thought Parliament will rise? I have a letter that says the 12th.——Mr. *M'Blubber*, you are a Highlander, what is your opinion of those encouragements to the fishery? I have no great notion of building towns; find the birds, say I, and they will find nests for themselves.—Mr. *Rupee* (you have been in India), what do you say to this impeachment? I am inclined to think it will come to nothing.—Pray, what is the exact definition of a *bulse?* I understand it to be a package for diamonds, as a *rouleau* is for guineas.—Ha! is not that Mr. Hazard walking yonder, who came yesterday from London? Yes it is, I know him by his gait.—Sir, is my cane any where near you? Oh! yes, I left it in the corner of the box.—Boy, how much did I owe the house since yesterday? Eighteen-pence. Here it is.'

Now, Mr. Lounger, you must be satisfied what an aggravated offence this way of talking of Mr. Glib's is, against other people who wish to have some share in the conversation. The most unconscionable querists, if they keep within their own department, are contented with half the talk of the company: Mr. Glib cuts it in two, and very modestly helps himself to both pieces. When he has set the fancy agog, and one's tongue is just ready to give it vent, pop, he comes between one and the game he has started, and takes the word out of one's mouth. Do write a few lines, Sir, to let Mr. Glib know how unreasonable and how ridiculous his behaviour is; 'tis as if one should play at *shuttlecock* alone, or take a game at *piquet*, one's right-hand against one's left, or sit down with three *dead men* at *whist*.—I should never have done, were I to say all I think of its absurdity.

I am a married man, Mr. Lounger, and have a wife and three grown-up daughters at home. I am a pretty constant frequenter of the coffee-house, where I go to have the pleasure of a little conversation; but if Mr. Glib is to come there every morning as he does at present, never to have done asking questions, and never to allow any body but himself to answer them, I may just as well stay at home.

Your's, &c.

GABRIEL GOSSIP.

Before I stir further in this matter, Mr. Gossip will be kind enough to inform me whether it would satisfy him, if Mr. Glib were allowed to ask questions, and he, Mr. Gossip, to answer them, for all the rest of the coffeehouse.

Z

N°77. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1786.

Species Virtutibus similes. TAC.

Besides the great incitements to depravity or ill-conduct which passion and interest hold forth, there are other temptations to vice, other apologies for the want of virtue, which, as they less shock the ingenuous feelings of our nature, are perhaps fully as dangerous as motives which apparently are of a much more powerful kind. We are often led astray by habits, which in single actions seemed unimportant or

venial; we are seduced by opinions, to which a sort of plausible fallacy gives the shew of reason. Sometimes we hide our errors and our weakness under the veil of virtue, and ascribe to ourselves the merit of good qualities, from circumstances, which, if justly considered, should cover us with blame. At other times we are contented to wear the livery, though we are not in the service of Virtue, and pride ourselves on speaking her language, though we do not conform our actions to her precepts.

I happened lately to spend a day in company with a gentleman whose appearance prepossessed me much in his favour, and whose conversation and deportment did not less conciliate my good opinion. There was a certain delicacy in his remarks, which bespoke an uncommon elegance of mind; a warmth in his sentiments, which seemed to flow from a high principle of disinterestedness and generosity. After he was gone, I could not help expressing myself very warmly in his commendation, in which the friend at whose house we were did not join in so cordial manner as I expected. When I pressed him a little on that score, he told me that *Woodfort* (so the gentleman was called) had long been a subject of his speculation on human character and conduct. 'Woodfort, (said he,) in manner and conversation, is always the elegant and interesting man you saw him. Nay, he possesses, I believe, in reality those feelings which he knows so well how to express. I have frequently found him weeping at the perusal of a tender novel, and have seen him struggling to keep down the emotions of his heart at the representation of a tragedy. You saw how his eye kindled at the recital of a benevolent or a generous deed, and at that moment I am persuaded that Woodfort was benevolent, was generous. Yet, in real life, (for I have had the best opportunities of knowing it,) Woodfort's feeling and

generosity unaccountably forsake him. Scarcely ever has he been known to relieve the distresses he is so willing to pity, or to exercise the generosity he is so ready to applaud. The tenants on his estate are squeezed for rents higher than their farms can afford; his debtors are harassed for payments, in circumstances which might often plead for mitigation or delay. Nay, I know some of his pretty near relations, for relief of whose necessities I have applied with success to others, after having in vain solicited Woodfort's assistance to relieve them.'

I confess I did not thank my friend for thus undeceiving me, and felt something painful in being obliged to retract an opinion which it had afforded me so much pleasure to form. But afterwards, when I had time to recover from this little shock to my feelings, which my friend's information had given, I began, like him, to speculate on this seeming contrariety of character; and though that of Woodfort may perhaps appear singular, I am afraid that, in a certain degree, there are not wanting many instances of a similar kind; and that if we look around us with observation, we shall frequently discover men who appear to feel, nay who really feel much tenderness at the tale of woe, and much applause at the recitals of generosity, who yet, in real conduct and in active life, seldom discover either much generosity or much sensibility.

To account in some measure for this appearance, it may be observed, that when a representation is given of fictitious distress, it is done in such a manner, and with such circumstances accompanying it, as have the most powerful tendency to affect the heart. In a tragedy, where the object is to move, or in a novel, where the author means to produce the sensation of pity, every circumstance which can produce that effect is collected, and every thing which

can diminish it is carefully removed. Thus a representation is given of characters and situations, which, though not unnatural, seldom exist; the detached parts may frequently be seen; but all the incidents united together, attended with those circumstances in which they are held out, and accompanied with none of a different or discordant sort, are seldom beheld in real life. The mind, therefore, may be affected with a fictitious story, or a tale of woe, when it will not be affected with a real event occurring in common life; because that real event cannot be perceived in all those strong colours, and mingled with all those attracting circumstances, with which a romantic story may be wrought up. Some circumstances may occur which will diminish our interest in the persons who really suffer, while there may be others wanting which would increase our sympathy with their situation. Thus Woodfort may be exceedingly moved by a well-written novel, founded on the oppression of the rich and powerful over the poor and humble; yet, in the case of his own tenants, he may not be affected with their hardships. He may persuade himself, it was their own indolence which produced their distress; he may quote instances of landlords who had bettered the condition of their tenants by raising their rents; and set up ideas of public improvement against the feelings of private compassion.

It may be observed further, that when a fictitious story of distress is told, or when a melancholy event happens, which has no connection with ourselves, there is no interfering interest or inclination of our own to diminish our pity or our sensibility. The mind is led to give the sensations that are excited their full sway, and to indulge in them to their utmost extent. Observers upon human nature have frequently remarked, that the contemplation of objects of distress gives a melancholy pleasure to the

mind. Persons of sensibility are well acquainted with this pleasure; and when a story of distress is set before them, they feel much enjoyment from indulging in it. The mind in this situation dwells and feeds upon its object, and every tender emotion is called forth. But when a real event happens in life with which we ourselves may be in some respect connected, instead of dwelling upon it, or nourishing the feeling of distress which it produces, we may endeavour to avoid it, and to shut it out from our thoughts, because its indulgence may interfere with some other favourite feeling or inclination. Woodfort, though affected with the representation of distress, produced by poverty or want in those with whom he had no connection, was not affected with that of his own relations, probably because it hurt his mind to think that he had relations who were poor; and he therefore thrust the subject from his thoughts, as people shun those scenes in which they once delighted, if they recall misfortune or record disgrace.

It must also be remarked, that the indulgence in that sensibility which arises from the contemplation of objects of distress, is apt to produce and to flatter a conscious vanity in the mind of the person who gives way to such indulgence. This vanity turns and rests upon itself, and without leading to action, it fosters a selfish and contracted approbation of our own feelings, which is catched hold of, and serves as a kind of substitute in place of the consciousness of real goodness.

It ought likewise to be attended to, that the sensations which arise from the indulgence in representations or tales of distress with which we ourselves are unconnected, require no sort of exertion; the mind reposes quietly upon the contemplation of the object, without being called forth to action; but when the

distress of others occurs in real life, if we are to relieve it, some exertion is necessary, and some action of our own must be performed. Now, a man may take pleasure in the passive feelings of sensibility, (if that expression may be used,) when he will avoid every thing which requires active exertion. Hence the mind may be open to the feelings of compassion and tenderness, may take delight in indulging them, and by that means acquire great acuteness of sensibility, when it may harden and shut itself against every object, where the giving way to the feelings which such object produces requires real activity and exertion.

To this it may be proper to add, that the very indulgence in the passive feelings of sensibility has a tendency to produce indolence, languor, and feebleness, and to unfit the mind for any thing which requires active and firm exertion. While the mind contemplates distress, it is acted upon, and never acts; and by indulging in this contemplation, it becomes more and more unfit for action: the passive feeling of compassion may increase, but the power requisite to relieve will diminish. On the other hand, a man who has not the same degree of sensibility, or the same disposition to indulge in the contemplation of objects of distress, may, by the possession of a firmer mind and greater habits of activity, perform many more benevolent and generous actions. The more the passive habit of compassion is indulged without the active*, the weaker will the disposition to activity become: but on the other hand, though by the exertion of the active habit the passive may be diminished; yet by a frequent repetition of benevolent acts, the mind will become more and more disposed to repeat them, and will find the performance more and more easy. He whose nervous sensi-

* See Butler's Analogy.

bility could not bear the sight of a wound, would, in such a case, be incapable, were he otherwise qualified, to assist in its cure; while a person of less delicate feelings, and who is less affected with the sore, will be both more able and more willing to lend his aid in giving relief.

If the above observations be well founded, may we not conclude, that there is often much danger, in the education of children, of softening their minds too much, of rendering them too susceptible to general representations of distress, and of affecting them too frequently and too deeply by fictitious tales of woe? The mind thus affected, may be insensible to the proper impression, when the influence of romantic deception is removed, and when real objects of distress, unattended with the colours in which Novelists and Poets exhibit them, are placed before it. Accustomed to be affected with objects only that are removed from ourselves, and where there can be no competition with our own interests, we may be unmoved when our own interests or other inclinations interfere. In use to indulge solely in *feeling*, and gratified with the consciousness of that feeling, we may shrink from the labour of active benevolence, and find in the experience of real life, that the very habit of indulging in the contemplation of distress, though it may add to our natural sensibility, yet, by fatiguing and exhausting the mind, will give it a feebleness, and a languor, which is inconsistent with every vigorous and every proper exertion. While therefore a certain degree of sensibility ought to be cultivated, we ought at the same time to be upon our guard not to push it too far; and habits of action ought carefully to be intermixed with our habits of contemplation. We ought ever to have impressed on our minds the sentiments of one of the most illustrious men that ever lived; of a man

who united the most sublime views of contemplation, with the most splendid exertions of activity, in the greatest theatre that history has exhibited to our view; of *Marcus Aur. Antoninus*, that 'neither virtue nor vice consist in passive sentiment, but in action;' 'ὀυδὲ ἡ αρετή και κακια εν πέισει, ἀλλὰ ενεργεία.'

A

N° 78. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

ONE of your earliest correspondents gave us an account of a worthy Baronet, a relation of his, who spent all his life intending to do many things, without ever having actually done any thing. Though this may not be a useful, it seems to me a very harmless way of passing one's days. I am the wife, Sir, of quite another kind of gentleman. My husband, *Mr. Bustle*, always does things first, and then thinks of them afterwards.

One of the most important concerns of his life, I must own to you, he conducted in this manner, and I was his accomplice. We married on three days acquaintance at the house of a relation of his, where we happened to meet on a visit. We have, however, been a very decently happy couple, and have a family of very fine children. Mr. Bustle indeed does not depend very much on us for the happiness of his life, and he has no time for conferring much happiness or bestowing much attention on us.

He is of so active a spirit, so busy, so constantly employed, that pleasures of a domestic or a quiet kind do not enter at all into his plan of life.

His father was a careful œconomical man, and left him in a very comfortable situation, with a large estate, a set of thriving tenants, a good house, a well-laid-out farm, and a well-stocked garden. When we went home, we had nothing to do, as the saying is, but to draw in our chairs and sit down. But sitting, however much at his ease, was not my husband's way. He soon made a great deal of business, though he had found none. It was discovered that the principal apartments of our house were too low; so it was unroofed, to have some feet added to its height, and a new lead-covered platform put a-top, to command a view of a particular turn of the river that runs through the grounds. This kept us two winters in one of our tenant's houses, in which too, all the time we were in it, something or other was a-doing: so that the carpenter's hammer was heard every hour of the day. We had scarce got back to our own house again, when it was found that the water came through our lead-covered platform: so he had the pleasure of having that changed into a cupola, with a roof of a different construction, for the view of the river was still to be preserved. But next year, my husband discovered that a plantation was necessary on a particular knoll; so the view of the river we had paid so much for, was shut out by a clump. The garden was the next subject of amendment, in which an excellent fruit-wall was pulled down to have it rebuilt on a new plan; by which new plan we have got a very beautiful wall, and trees admirably well dressed, but unfortunately we have lost all our fruit. The same thing happened by our acquisition of a new pigeon-house, which, notwithstanding the well-known superstition of its

boding the death of the wife, my husband ventured to build. Luckily I survive the omen; but we have scarcely had a pigeon-pie since. In point of ornamental alteration, the same variety has taken place: We had first a smooth green lawn, though at the expence of cutting down some of the finest timber in the country; we then got a serpentine shrubbery, which within these two years has been dug up, to make room for a field with dropping trees, fenced by a ha-ha!

While he was beautifying his house and grounds, Mr. Bustle was not inattentive to the improvement of his estate. After getting a new survey made of it by a very fine gentleman who came from your town in a post-chaise and four, he sat down one morning with the plan before him, a scale and a pair of compasses in his hand, and that gentleman at his elbow; and while I was pouring out their tea, they raised the rents of it 200 per cent. as Mr. Quadrant was pleased to express himself. Presently all our former tenants were turned out of their farms, except a few young men whom the late Mr. Bustle, for what reason I know not, had marked in his rent roll with a +, and a new set put into possession, who, as Mr. Quadrant said, knew the *capabilities* of ground. Then there was such a pulling down of walls to make little fields large, and a planting of hedges to make large fields little; every thing, in short, was turned topsy-turvy: but what won't people do to get rich? Mr. Quadrant's calculations, however, have not answered with all the exactness we expected. The estate indeed, as our old steward told me, was considerably increased in its rent; 'but a well-a-day! my Lady,' said he, 'it nets nothing.' So Mr. Bustle was obliged to alter that plan, after he had tried it for several years. He has got some of the old tenants back again; but a considerable part of

his estate he has reserved in his own hands, of which he says he will treble the produce, by turning it into a sheep-walk. During this period, likewise, he has made several attempts to discover coal; and about three years ago, narrowly missed being worth 10,000l. a-year by the unexpected failure of a lead-mine. These are Mr. Bustle's serious occupations; his amusements are no less various, and he is equally ardent in his pursuit of them. He is a hunter, a shooter, and an angler; breaks his own horses, trains his own dogs, and is reckoned the most expert cocker within a hundred miles of us.

To do him justice, however, he is by no means selfish, either in his business or his pleasures. If any of his neighbours have an estate to be sold, a farm to be let, a garden to be laid out, a house to be built, a horse to be broke, or a pointer to be made; Mr. Bustle will ride half a dozen miles at any time to give them his assistance and advice.

Unfortunately his own family are almost the only persons of whom he does not busy himself in the management and superintendence. To our two daughters I have endeavoured to give some little education at home; for my husband was always so occupied, either with his own affairs or the affairs of other people, that though I often pressed him to send them to some place where they could acquire the accomplishments suitable to their sex and rank in life, he always delayed the measure till somehow or other the opportunity was lost. As for our three boys, they have cost me many an uneasy moment. They were sent to an academy in Yorkshire, to grass, as my husband phrased it, at first, with a long plan for their education afterwards; but at grass they continued till within these few months, when they returned home perfect colts indeed, with abundance of health and strength to be sure, but without a

word of language that could be understood, in their mouths, or a single idea worth the having, in their heads. They had acquired, it is true, some knowledge, of which their father has made considerable use since their return, and with which he appears so well pleased as to have little thoughts of sending them any where else. I have heard him declare with much exultation, that he would back them at riding a horse, trowling for a pike, or trimming a cock, against any three boys of their age in the kingdom.

He finds the more occasion for their assistance as deputies in matters of this kind, as of late he has betaken himself chiefly to the business of the public, having taken a very strong inclination to promote the good of his country. The death of a gentleman who had been long in the commission of the peace, has thrown the business of that department chiefly on Mr. Bustle, who now does little else but study law-cases, convene meetings about highways, turnpikes, bridges, and game licences, and ride all over the country, dispensing justice, redressing wrongs, removing nuisances, and punishing delinquents. In this the activity and eagerness of his nature has sometimes, I am afraid, in the practice of his office, got the better of the knowledge he had stored up on the theory of it. Besides receiving several incendiary letters, which he did not value a rush, and even I should have had the courage to despise, there are two or three actions of assault and false imprisonment raised against him, for acts done in the course of keeping the peace of the country. Indeed his plans for keeping the peace have turned out, like some others formed with the best intention in the world, exactly the reverse of what he expected from them, the country having been in perpetual war ever since he began putting them in execution. There have been such bickerings amongst the Gentlemen about widening of roads,

removing of dunghills, pulling down cottages, and punishing of vagrants, that one half of the neighbours are scarce in speaking terms with the other. Some of them, who are enemies to the patriotic measures of Mr. Bustle, have, I understand, privately stirred up and supported those law-suits in which his public spirit has involved him. These I cannot help being uneasy about, as of very serious consequence to his fortune and family; but he himself seems not to regret them in the least. He assures me, he shall carry them all with costs, and talks rather with satisfaction of going to town to assist in their management. If you should happen to meet with him, Mr. Lounger, I should be happy, for my part, if you could teach him somewhat of your love of ease and indolence. I have many reasons for wishing to forego all the reputation he will acquire by his activity, for a little peace and quiet. There is a saying of his father's, which I have heard the same old steward I mentioned before repeat very often, but Mr. Bustle would never pay any regard to it: 'When things are well as they are, he's a fool who tries how they may be.'

I am, &c.

BARBARA BUSTLE.

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N° 79. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

MY father was a country-clergyman, a man of worth and probity, and who had the reputation both of learning and abilities. Being his eldest child, and, as he, perhaps partially, thought, of no unpromising capacity, it was his pleasure to instruct me in various branches of knowledge, to which he judged my understanding was equal, and to cultivate my taste by an early acquaintance with the best authors in our own language. Preposterous acquisitions, Mr. Lounger, for persons in my station of life!—He died about three years ago, leaving my mother and four children, with no other fund for their maintenance than that slender pension which in this country is provided for the widows and children of the clergy. There were indeed about 150 sermons of my father's composition, together with many other manuscripts relating to church-history and antiquities; from all which my mother for some time had formed to herself many golden expectations: but on offering them for sale to a bookseller, he refused to give more than Five Pounds for the whole parcel, and she rather chose to retain them in her own hands.

To relieve her of part of the burden of her family, a gentleman, who was a distant relation of my father's, was kind enough to take charge of the education of one of my brothers; and as I was now seventeen, and, besides the less useful acquisitions I have mentioned, was moderately skilled in most of

the ordinary accomplishments of my sex, it cost some deliberation, whether I should look out for the place of a lady's waiting-maid, or aspire to the more honourable occupation of a mantua-maker. While my plan was yet undetermined, the same gentleman who had taken my brother under his protection, wrote to my mother, informing her, that an elderly lady of rank, with whom he had the honour of being acquainted, was in search of a young person, to reside with her rather as a companion than as a servant; and that he had no doubt, if that establishment were agreeable to me, it would be in his power to procure it for me. He represented *my Lady Bidmore* (the lady in question) as a mighty good sort of woman; and though he owned she had some particular whims, he doubted not that I could easily accommodate myself to them, as they did not proceed from any fault of temper, but a singularity of taste, which a lady of great fortune might easily be excused for indulging herself in. In short, Sir, my mother and I judged this opportunity not to be neglected, and within a few days, our good friend acquainting us that he had arranged every thing for my reception, I set off for town in the stage-coach, to wait on my Lady Bidmore in the capacity of her gentlewoman or humble friend.

It is proper, Sir, to inform you, that this lady owed her birth to a decayed tradesman of this metropolis, and her education to a charity-school. At the age of eighteen, she had gone to reside with a relation in London, where it was her good fortune to engage the affections of an eminent pawn-broker. With him she lived thirty years; and being left a widow, with a fortune, as was said, of 20,000l. she soon after received the addresses of Sir Humphrey Bidmore, Knight, alderman and grocer, then in the 70th year of his age. After a year and a half,

Sir Humphrey dying without children, her Ladyship lost a very affectionate husband, but gained an addition of 15,000l. to her fortune. On her marriage with the Knight, she had sold the good-will of her shop and warehouse; a transaction that, now she was a second time a widow, she never ceased to repine at; and she has often been heard to regret, that since her dear Sir Humphrey was to die, it was a thousand pities he did not do it a twelvemonth sooner. As it was, however, to no purpose to reflect on what could not be amended, and as her title of *Ladyship* was indeed an obstacle to her resuming a profession for which both genius and inclination had eminently qualified her, she made up her mind to her change of situation, and determined to pass the remainder of her days with ease and dignity in her native country.

To this Lady's house I repaired immediately on my arrival in town. If it is not always right to suffer ourselves to be influenced by first impressions, it must be allowed that we often find the features of a character pretty strongly delineated on its outside. I was no sooner announced, than her Ladyship, who happened to be standing, seated herself with great gravity in her arm-chair; and beckoning me to approach, began to survey me with one of those searching looks which I suppose the famous *Justice Fielding* (bating that he was blind) would have employed to scan the countenance of a young thief. My face happening luckily to give no offence, her next attention was bestowed on my dress; every article of which she not only examined with her eyes, but her fingers, feeling the stuff of my gown, and holding my apron between her and the light, to observe the quality of the gauze and the texture of the lace. 'Is this suit your own, child; or have you borrowed it for the occasion?'—'My own, Ma'am.' 'So much the worse. Why, this is a lace at twelve shil-

lings the yard: Was there ever such extravagance! But perhaps you had it cheap at an old-cloaths shop. Tell the truth, child; for I abominate liars.' I began now to see a little into her character, and resolved to take no offence. In fact she had guessed the real history of the apron, which I had bought that morning in my way to her Ladyship's house; and I owned it was so, and that I had it at a third of the value. 'Why, that's right again, child. I like you the better for that:—'Tis a good thing to be sharp at a bargain. Such pennyworths as I have had in my day!—And now that I can't bustle so well as I once could, a body like you may be useful. —Was you ever at a sale,—a *rouping* you call it in this country?' 'No Madam; I came to town only last night.'—Why then you shall go with me to a sale to-morrow. Let me see;—(taking out a little memorandum-book.) Tuesday, *Lady Fanstick*'s; Tea and table china.—Wednesday, *Mrs. Griskin*'s: Kitchen-furniture. — Thursday, *Mr. Gimcrack*'s: Antiques, books, and pictures: I don't understand them things.—Friday, *Mrs. Thrifty*'s: Bed and table linen, feather-beds and blankets, damask in the web, eider-down quilts, chintz curtains and chair-slips: Ay, there will be some rare bargains: every thing of the best sort, I warrant it. Poor Thrifty! she went to the devil through pure œconomy.—Saturday, The elegant furniture of a gentleman just going abroad. A meer bite of *Vamp* the Auctioneer's—his own old trumpery.'——Thus she went on; and I found her Ladyship had made a regular entry in her books, for ten successive days, of every sale there was to be in town. 'Why sure, Madam,' said I, 'your Ladyship does not mean to attend all the sales you mentioned?'——'Yes, I do mean it, and as many more every week, if I can find them. —How else do you think I could pass my time?

Tell me now what was your favourite occupation.—How did you spend your time in the country?'—'Time, Madam, never lay heavy on my hands. I assisted my mother in the care of her family, and at my leisure hours amused myself with reading and writing.'——'Why, that's right:—so you shall do here. You shall help me in the family-matters; and for reading and writing, you shall read all the newspapers, and write down the advertisements of all the sales. But come,' said she, 'I must shew you what is to be your household-occupation.'

Her Ladyship then conducted me through her house; and here I beheld a *mu eum* of a new and most extraordinary nature. Her Ladyship occupied a large old house, every room of which was so completely fil ed with furniture, that it was impossible to find one's way from one end to the other, without winding through a labyrinth of chests of drawers, commodes, cabinets, and boxes, which occupied the whole floors, walls, and even windows. Yet in this apparent confusion there was much order and regularity; for each room had its distinct class of articles, to which it was exclusively appropriated. But the two apartments which her Ladyship considered as the most valuable of her museum, and which she never suffered to be entered but in her own presence, were her china-room and wardrobe. In the former were piles of plates and dishes, and pyramids of cups and saucers, reaching from the floor to the cieling. In one quarter was a rampart of tureens and soup-dishes, in another an embattlement of punch-bowls, caudle-cups, and porringers. The dark blue of *Nankeen* was contrasted with the ancient red of *Japan*, the production of *Dresden* was opposed to the manufacture of *Seves*, and the mock Saxon of *Derby* to the mock Indian of *Staffordshire*. In the ornamental porcelain, the eye was completely lost in a chaos of

pagodas, wagging-headed mandareens, and bonzes, red lions, golden dogs, and fiery dragons. In the other apartment, the wardrobe, was reposited every article of female apparel that had been in use during the last sixty years. To attempt an enumeration is utterly impossible; for in the two years I have been with her Ladyship, I have not yet learnt half the names of these wonderful accoutrements. As the most exact order was observed in arranging the different articles of dress, it might even have amused you, Mr. Lounger, as a philosopher, to have marked the various fluctuations of fashion in the habits of our whimsical sex, and the fantastical coverings in which we have chosen, at different periods, to disguise our natural shapes. Here, Sir, you might observe the gradual progress of the hoop, both in its increase and wane, the alternate elevation and depression of the stays, the stages of gradation from the stiff jacket and farthingale to the sack, and from the negligée to the polonaise; the regular succession of laced hoods, caps, mobs, French night-caps and Robin Grays; the progress of bonnets from the quaker to the Shepherdess and Kitty Fisher, and thence to the Werter, the Lunardi, and Parachute.

Her Ladyship was now pleased to inform me of those services she expected from me as her attendant and companion; and lest I should scruple at the severity or menial nature of any of my tasks, she took care to inform me, that I was to be but an assistant to herself in every one of them. They consisted in cleaning and sweeping out the several apartments, airing the feather-beds and blankets, turning and ranging the suits of linen; pinching, plating, and folding the different articles in the wardrobe; washing, dusting, and blowing the china; rubbing and polishing, with bees-wax, the chairs, tables, and cabinet-work, and scouring the kitchen-furniture. In these two

last departments, however, we were to have the additional aid of the cook and chambermaid.

Early next morning (her Ladyship always rises at five o'clock) I entered upon office; and being furnished with an apron and stomacher of blue flannel, went to work upon the tables and chairs; and in this I acquitted myself so much to her Ladyship's satisfaction, that she declared me a good clever girl; and added, that she had seldom seen a better hand at a rubber and hard-brush. At eight we had tea and buttered toast, her Ladyship mixing a table-spoonful of brandy in every cup, which she said was good against wind in the stomach; and after breakfast she walked out, leaning on my arm, to the before mentioned auction of china at Lady Fanstick's.

Here, Sir, I had an opportunity of observing the importance of her Ladyship's character, who no sooner made her appearance, than the auctioneer, laying down a lot which he was just going to knock off, called out for a chair to Lady Bidmore, and courteously making a sign to the company to give way, beckoned to her Ladyship to take her seat at his right hand. Then handing to her the lot, which he called a round tureen, he desired her Ladyship to observe the strength and solidity of the manufacture, and the beauty of the colouring. After a short examination, and ringing it to try if it was without flaw, she returned it into the auctioneer's hands, declaring it a piece of true *Dragon*. Hereupon two or three additional bidders stepped into the field; and the lot, which was a few minutes before going at ten shillings, sold for twenty-five. Her Ladyship was now consulted on every article that was exposed, either by handing it down for her inspection, or by turning it to the side whence she could have a proper view of it; and her opinion was sometimes given in a few decisive words, and sometimes expressed by a

significant nod or wink to the auctioneer. These decisions were generally indeed much more to his satisfaction than that of the rest of the company, many of whom cursed her Ladyship for enhancing their bargains; and one gentleman, with more plainness than politeness, swore he believed there was roguery in the business, and that the old pawnbroker was either selling her own goods, or had poundage on every article in the sale. These reflections her Ladyship (from being quite accustomed to them) heard with the utmost indifference; and she bought herself many of the capital lots. She returned home in great spirits; and we spent the afternoon in disposing to advantage her new purchases, which occasioned some alteration of arrangement in the china-room, and gave us sufficient occupation for the greatest part of the evening. Such is the history of the first day I passed in her Ladyship's service; and so uniform is the tenor of her life, that the history of one day is as good as that of a thousand.

Hitherto, Sir, I have informed you of nothing in her Ladyship's character, or mode of living, to which a person in my dependent circumstances might not have endeavoured, even cheerfully, to accommodate herself. Nor am I sure that what I have yet to inform you of will be sufficient to justify me in the opinion of *all* your readers, for the resolution I have taken of quitting her Ladyship's service; at a time too when I stand so high in her favour, that she has repeatedly declared she could not live without me. Be that as it may, I owe it in justice to myself, to inform you of the cause of my dissatisfaction with my present situation.

I had very early observed in her Ladyship's disposition, that selfishness we often remark in low minds; a sensibility limited to their own pains and pleasures, with a total unconcern for those of others. It was however only by degrees I came to discover to what

lengths this principle was capable of extending. I am now disposed to believe there are persons whose nature partakes not in the smallest degree of the humane or benevolent affections.

In the course of my attendance or her Ladyship at those sales which she daily frequents, I have occasionally witnessed scenes which none but the most obdurate natures could have beheld with unconcern. An auction of the effects of a private person is frequently the most melancholy of spectacles. It is the signal of the dissolution of a family, the breaking up of all the tenderest ties of human nature: and it often happens, that in those scenes poverty is superadded to calamity. I attended her Ladyship one day lately to a sale in the house of Mr. S——, who, about a month before, had lost a most amiable wife, the mother of five children. He had been unfortunate in business, and losing with this event all resolution to struggle with the world, he had determined to retire with his family to a distant part of the country. Amidst the confusion of the house, there was one room in which the children were kept, under the care of a maid-servant. Lady Bidmore, prying in the spirit of a harpy into every corner, entered this room, having in her hand a small dressing-box, which she had just bought. A beautiful boy, of four years of age, ran up to her, and endeavoured to seize the box: 'That's my Mamma's,' said he;—'you shall not carry it away; 'tis my own Mamma's.'—'Mamma, my dear,' whispered the maid, 'has no use for it.'—'Hold your peace, little Mr. Prate-apace,' cried my Lady Bidmore, ''tis my box now, and I have paid pretty well for it. Nurse, young master must have a whipping, to teach him better manners.'—

Her Ladyship has many poor relations, among the rest two sisters, who have numerous families.

One of these is a widow, whom having once accommodated with the loan of ten pounds, which she was unable to repay, this circumstance furnishes, at present, an excuse for allowing her and her family to starve. The other having the misfortune to be married to a spendthrift and a drunkard, it would be an unworthy use of her Ladyship's money, to supply his extravagance and debaucheries. Thus, while in my Lady's repositories I have counted the complete furnishings of twenty beds, her two sisters have scarce a blanket to cover them: and while there are, to my knowledge, in one single chest, thirty pieces of uncut nankeen, there are six of her nephews at this moment running the streets without breeches. These, however, are her Ladyship's heirs, unless supplanted by some favourite like myself. For she has repeatedly assured me, I shall find a proof of the strength of her affection in her will.—Silly girl that I am, to forego those brilliant expectations! Yet such is the misfortune of some feelings, with which I believe I was born, and some principles, which have been strengthened in me by an erroneous system of education.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

ALICE HEARTLY.

N° 80. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1786.

To the AUTHOR *of the* LOUNGER.

Dic mihi cras istud, Posthume, quando venit? MART.

SIR,

I FLATTER myself you will not think me unworthy of your correspondence. Most of the members of my family have taken the liberty of communicating the particulars of their situation, or of praying redress of their grievances from the authors of the periodical works of the time; and a certain dark-complexioned relation of mine has had a petition to yourself laid before the public in your 53d number. I think, Mr. Lounger, I may say without much arrogance, I am not less deserving of your favour than her. She, I know, pretends to have sometimes assisted you in your labours; but it is to me you look for their reward.

Of that relation Mr. Lounger, since I have mentioned her, I may first complain. She was naturally of a serious and rather melancholy cast. But of late a fashionable life has quite altered her disposition. She has become intolerably light-headed, gay, as her friends call it, and allows her affairs to get into the greatest confusion and disorder; all of which it falls upon me to re-establish and put to rights again. Her gaiety, when carried the ridiculous length to which in town she frequently pushes it, is the occasion of much sadness to me; her festivity gives me many a headach; her extravagance has frequently

threatened me with a jail; and her impertinence brought me in danger of my life.

I am generally speaking indeed, the most unfortunate person in the world, in regard to my predecessors. They got a thousand things upon trust, which they have left me to answer for. With all ranks and conditions of men, I am constantly the Scape-goat for every thing that is amiss, the Bail for all misdemeanors, the Security in all obligations. My burdens are now become so intolerable, that I am resolved (through your channel, if you will allow me) to rid myself of them at once, and to take out a *Commission of Bankruptcy* in the Lounger. What sort of division my circumstances will allow, you will please signify to the principal classes of my creditors in your next paper.

Tell such of them as may look for me at court, that I do not hold myself bound for above one shilling in the pound of the promises and notes of hand of my ancestors. With some people in place there, I have pretty long accounts to settle; but to these I know they do not pay much attention, for a very good reason indeed, that the balance is generally against them.

Let that class who frequent courts of law know, that I will not pretend to clear above a tenth part of the incumbrances that are there laid upon me. In all the courts, I must leave the other nine parts to be settled by my successors. In chancery, I don't know whether my great-great-grandson will be able to discharge them.

Be so kind as acquaint the Projectors of various denominations, who are so deep in my books, that I cannot answer above one in a thousand of the draughts they will probably make upon me. Nay, I will frankly tell them, that it is likely they may lose more than even the money they were made to

advance for me. But as most of them expected usurious interest, their losses do not touch me very nearly.

I must inform those lovers who have trusted me, that they are of all my creditors the most likely to be offended with me. They are indeed in a very singular situation with regard to the securities of mine in their possession. If they receive payment, it is a hundred to one but they will be undone by it.

My bonds to Beauties must suffer a very great discount. They are indeed of such a nature that prescription soon bars them; and most of them are so conceived, that coverture or marriage in the obligee renders them absolutely void.

Authors will be often disappointed in the claims they pretend to have upon me. I never receive a fiftieth part of the books that modern writers desire their booksellers to send me. In order, however, to conciliate your favour, Sir, I will give you my promise (though it is but fair to confess that I sometimes forget my promises), that the *Lounger* shall make one of my library. Your most obedient servant,

TO-MORROW.

I HAVE lately received several letters on the subject of the Stage, and among others, one signed *Nerva*, censuring in very strong terms that boisterous and noisy kind of applause which, in the midst of the most affecting passages of a tragedy, the bulk of a British audience are disposed to indulge in. It seems to have been written during the time of *Mrs. Pope*'s late performance in our theatre, whose tones of pity and of tenderness, my correspondent complains, were often interrupted or rendered inaudible by the drumming of sticks and the clapping of

hands in the pit and gallery. He was the more struck with the impropriety, he says, from his being accompanied by a gentleman, a native of Italy, though enough a proficient in our language to understand the play. He describes 'the surprise and horror of the susceptible *Albani*,' (so it seems the stranger is called,) accustomed as he had been to the decorum of the Italian stage, to find, instead of silent and involuntary tears, the roar and riot with which our audience received the most pathetic speeches of one of the best of our tragedies.

'On Sunday,' continues my correspondent, 'Albani and I went to church. The plainness of the edifice, and the simplicity of our worship, struck him much; yet he was pleased with the decency which prevailed, and charmed with the discourse.' 'I am surprised,' said he, as we walked home, 'that so elegant a preacher is not a greater favourite with the public.'——'You are mistaken,' I replied, 'he has long been their favourite.'—'Nay,' said he, 'do not tell me so; you saw they did not give him a single mark of applause during the whole discourse, nor even at the end.'—'I laughed, Mr. Lounger, so perhaps will you; but I believe you will find it difficult to assign any good reason, why silence, attention, and tears, which are thought ample approbation in the one place, should be held insufficient in the other; or why that boisterous applause which is thought so honourable in the Theatre, should be thought a disgrace to merit in the Pulpit or at the Bar.'

I cannot, however, perfectly agree with my correspondent in this last observation. At the Bar, indeed, the clapping of hands, and the beating the floor with people's sticks, might do well enough; but at the Bar it is a rule, never to make a noise for nothing. In the Church, not to mention the inde-

cency of the thing, disturbances of that kind are perfectly averse to the purpose for which many grave and good Christians go thither.

In the Playhouse, besides the prescriptive right which the audience have now acquired to this sort of freedom, I think that part of the house by which it is commonly exercised have much to plead in its defence. The boxes frequently contrive to drown the noise of the stage, and it is but fair that the pit and gallery should in their turn drown the noise of the boxes.

My correspondent seems to allow this sort of applause at the representation of Comedy, or at least of Farce; and indeed I am inclined to think, that in some of our late Farces, a very moral use may be made of it, as the less that is heard of them by the boxes the better. The cudgels of the audience, of the barbarity of which Nerva complains so warmly, cannot be better employed, except perhaps they could be applied to recompence the merit of the author, instead of the talents of the actors. Moral writers on the subject of the Stage used to vent their reproaches against the Comic authors of the last age, who mixed so much indecency with their wit. The censure does not exactly apply to the *petite piece* writers of our days; for they keep strictly to the unity of composition, and mix no wit with their indecency. I fairly confess, that I have been obliged to abate somewhat of the severity of my former opinion with regard to the wicked wits of the old school, and am content to go back to *Wycherly* and *Congreve*, having always thought, with my friend Colonel Caustic, that if one must sin, it is better to sin like a gentleman. Besides, a very dull or a very innocent person may possibly miss the allusion of a free speech, when it is covered with the veil of wit or of irony. But the good things of our modern Farce-mongers

have nothing of disguise about them; the dishes they are pleased to serve up to us are not garlicked ragouts, but ragouts of garlic. I was much pleased with the answer which I heard a plain country-gentleman give to another in the pit some weeks ago, who observed to him, that the farce was droll and laughable enough, but that there was a good deal of *double entendre* in it. I don't know what you may think *double*, said he in reply; but in my mind, it was as plain *single entendre* as ever I heard in my life.

V

N° 81. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1786.

THE Love of Fame, 'that last infirmity of noble minds,' though it may sometimes expose its votaries to a certain degree of blame or of ridicule, is in the main a useful passion. In the present age, I have often thought, that, instead of being restrained, a love of fame and of glory ought to be encouraged, as an incitement to virtue, and to virtuous actions. From various causes, which I mean not at present to investigate, this passion seems to have lost its usual force; it has almost ceased to be a motive of action; and its place seems now to be supplied by a sordid love of gain, by which men of every rank and of every station appear to be actuated. In the Camp, as upon 'Change, *profit* and *loss* is the great object of attention. When a young soldier sets out on an expedition against the enemies of his country, he does not now talk so much of the honour and reputation he is to acquire, as of the profit he expects to

reap from his conquests. Accordingly we have seen gallant officers metamorphosed into skilful merchants, who, though they had spirit enough to expose themselves to 'the cannon's mouth,' were very much disposed to seek something there more solid than 'the bubble Reputation.'

The Roman triumph, which to us wears so barbarous an appearance, was intended to excite this love of glory; and if we may judge from consequences, it was a wise and useful institution. In our own country, it rarely happens that distinguished military merit is allowed to pass unnoticed and unrewarded. There is something indeed so dazzling in the glory of a hero, that, when not restrained by motives of jealousy or of envy, we are apt rather to heighten than to detract from it. If therefore, it be true that our fleets and armies have of late made a less distinguished figure than in former times, it certainly cannot be attributed to any want of public honour or public applause.

But there is a species of merit less brilliant, though not perhaps less useful or less praise-worthy, which often is disregarded by the world, and in general entitles its possessor to little attention while alive, and to little fame after his death. There is a sort of military spirit and honour which is sometimes opposed to the same qualities in a civil sense; and a young man, when he puts on his uniform, often thinks himself exempted from the obligation to certain duties which he allows to be commendable enough in the sons of peace. A want of attention to his own interest, or the interest of those connected with him, a degree of dissipation and extravagance equally hurtful to both, are held as venial offences in a soldier, whose business is to march and to fight, but who is not bound to think or to feel. Yet true nobleness of mind is every where the same, and may

be equally shown in the honourable dealings of private life, as in the most splendid exertions of spirit or of valour. As the Historian of character and manners, (in which light a periodical author, to be of any use at all must be considered,) I am happy when I have an opportunity of recording any example of that more humble merit which other annalists have no room to celebrate. In this view, I was much pleased with an anecdote I was told t'other day, of General W——, one of Queen Anne's Generals. It is not, however, as a soldier (although he possessed great professional merit) that I wish to introduce General W—— to my readers.

Mr. W—— obtained an ensigncy in the army when rather more advanced in life than most of the captains of the present times, who make so fine a figure upon all occasions, in their green, red, and white feathers, and whose heads at every assembly rival those of our most fashionable ladies. From the time Mr. W—— joined his regiment, he was distinguished for an unwearied attention to the duties of his station. When he appeared in public, or upon duty, his dress and deportment were always decent and proper. Of his manner of life in private, even his brother-officers were for some time ignorant. He did not mess with them, and he partook of none of their expensive pleasures and amusements. At length it was discovered, that he fared worse, and lived on less, than any private soldier in the regiment. The good sense and the known spirit of Mr. W—— preserved him from the ridicule and contempt with which this discovery might otherwise have been attended. His merit as an officer mean-while recommended Mr. W—— to the notice of his superiors; he was promoted from time to time; but no promotion ever made any alteration on his mode of life. After serving with distinguished reputation under King William, Mr. W—— went to Flanders in the

beginning of the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns, in the course of which he was promoted to the rank of General, and obtained the command of a regiment. Although his income was now great, he still lived with the utmost parsimony; and even those who esteemed him the most were obliged to allow that his love of money (which they considered as a sort of disease) exceeded all bounds. His enemies, however, were forced to acknowledge, that in all his transactions he was perfectly honourable, and that his love of money never led him to commit injustice.

In one of the last years of the war, General W—— and his regiment went into winter-quarters at Ghent. About the middle of winter his officers were astonished at receiving an invitation to dine with their Colonel for the first time. Most of the principal officers in the garrison received with equal surprise a similar invitation. Upon the day appointed they went to the general's house, where they were received with a kindly cheerful welcome, proceeding from a mind at ease, and satisfied with itself, more engaging to the feelings of our guests than the most finished politeness. After an elegant dinner, wines of every kind were placed upon the table; and as the General knew that some of his guests did not dislike their glass, he pushed the bottle briskly about. The company were more and more astonished; at length some of them took the liberty to express what all of them felt. 'I do not wonder at your surprise,' said General W——, 'and in justice to myself I must take this occasion to explain a conduct which hitherto must have appeared extraordinary to all of you. You must know, then, that I was bred a linen-draper in London. Early in life I set up business, which for some time I carried on with success, and to a considerable extent. At length, by various misfortunes, I was obliged to stop

payment. I called my creditors together, and laid my affairs before them; and though they lost very considerably, they were so satisfied with my conduct, that they immediately gave me a full discharge, and some of them even urged me to engage in business anew. But I was so disheartened with my former ill success, that I could not think of hazarding myself in the same situation again. At length I resolved to go into the army, and by the interest of one of those creditors, who was satisfied of the fairness of my conduct, and who pitied my misfortunes, obtained an ensigncy. But though my creditors were satisfied, I was far from being so. The idea that they had suffered by me dwelt upon my mind, and I felt that I could enjoy nothing while my debts remained unpaid. Happily I have at length accomplished that object. The last packet from England brought me a full acquittance from my creditors of all I owed them, principal and interest. Till now I possessed nothing which in justice I could call my own. Hitherto you have seen me act as a rigid steward for others; now I must intreat that my friends will assist me to enjoy an income far beyond my wants.'

I believe my readers will agree with me in thinking that the conduct of General W—— was truly noble. Of men's actions in public life it is often difficult to form a just estimate. The Statesman may be applauded for measures which are not his own, and a General or an Admiral may be indebted for all his fame to a lucky accident, which 'without his stir,' has crowned him with victory unmerited and unexpected. But General W——'s merit was all his own, and ought to be rated the higher for this reason, that it was not of that splendid kind which figures most in the imagination of mankind.

To excite to virtue, by exhibiting pictures of excellence and worth, is certainly the pleasantest, if

not the best and most effectual mode of instruction. To cite opposite examples in our own time, by way of contrast to this instance in the reign of Queen Anne, would be an ungrateful task. I may mention, however, in order to take off the idea of that distinction which some men have arrogated to themselves, from a contempt of the obligations of justice, that the pre-eminence which rank or high life formerly used to claim in that respect, is now in a great measure lost. Now-a-days there are tradesmen who dissipate their own money, and waste that with which others have intrusted them, with all the *sang froid* of the best-bred people of fashion; and we may meet with more than one man of spirit behind a counter, who can cock his hat in the face of his creditors, as valiantly as if there was a cockade or a feather in it.

R

N°82. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1786.

Je n'arme contre lui que le fruit de son crime. CREBILLON.

THE effects of moral instruction and precept on the mind have been rated very highly by some grave and worthy men, while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indisputable proof of their unimportance. Among those, say they, on whom Moral Eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wisest and most virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ablest and most persuasive guides, how few are

there whose future conduct has answered to the instruction they received, or the maxims which were so often repeated to them. Natural disposition or acquired habits regulate the tenor of our lives; and neither the sermon that persuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent effect on the actions of him who listens or who weeps.

Yet, though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that the discourse or the story are useless and vain. Stronger motives will no doubt overpower weaker ones, and those which constantly assail will prevail over others which seldom occur. Passion therefore will sometimes be obeyed when reason is forgot, and corrupt society will at length overcome the best early impressions. But the effects of that reason, or of those impressions, we are not always in condition to estimate fairly. The examples of their failure are easily known, and certain of being observed; the instances of such as have been preserved from surrounding contagion by their influence, are traced with difficulty, and strike us less when they are traced.

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner so ungracious as neither to command their attention nor conciliate their liking. He who says I am to instruct and to warn, with a face of instruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid as tiresome, or fear as unpleasant. A more willing and a deeper impression will be made, when the observation arises without being prompted, when the understanding is addressed through the feelings. It was this which struck me so forcibly in the story of *Father Nichola*. I never felt so strongly the evils of dissipation, nor ever was so ashamed of the shame of being virtuous.

It was at a small town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures which strangers used to visit. I went with a party whose purpose was to look at them: mine in such places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subject for meditation. I confess, however, I have often been disappointed; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind: one, however, was of a very superior order; that of a monk, who kneeled at a distance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark *Rembrandt* shade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him.

He looked up, involuntarily no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his cross; the similarity of the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance that could not but strike every one. 'It is Father Nicholas,' whispered our conductor, 'who is of all the brotherhood the most rigid to himself, and the kindest to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, and to the dying, he is always ready to administer assistance and consolation. Nobody ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take interest, or requested good offices which he refused to grant; yet the austerity and mortifications of his own life are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it is only from what

he does for others that one supposes him to feel any touch of humanity.' The subject seemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthusiastic; it sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. 'It is not usual,' said he, 'my son, for people at your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime; why should you anticipate its decay? Gaiety and cheerfulness spring up around you; why should you seek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet though dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the charities of life. I feel your kindness, and wish for an opportunity to requite it.'——He perceived my turn for letters, and shewed me some curious MSS. and some scarce books, which belonged to their convent: these were not the communications I sought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his austerities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the blessed Virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain whether I should wait the close of his devotional exercise, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand, and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: he laid hold of the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom, and then,

gazing on it earnestly, burst into tears. After a few moments, he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a deep sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees, discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and stammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.——'Alas! (said he) be not deceived; these are not the tears of devotion; not the meltings of piety, but the wringings of remorse. Perhaps, young man, it may stead thee to be told the story of my sufferings and of my sins: ingenuous as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to temptations like mine; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false honour, and mistaken shame.'

My name is *St. Hubert;* my family ancient and respectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up, in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to Paris, along with the son of a neighbouring family, who, though of less honourable descent, was much richer than ours. Young *Delaserre* (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army; me, from particular circumstances which promised success in that line, my mother and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. Delaserre had

a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had served, the insolent superiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition and awed my bashfulness. From nature I had that extreme sensibility of shame, which could not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his superior effrontery; and the best established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally dishonourable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delaserre enjoyed my apostacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of superior dignity and show; the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judging kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness and reflected on with remorse. Some-

times, though but too seldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other side; I was self-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by stealth; while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the restraints of conscience. But the dangerous connection I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delaserre's receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his desire, I gave him the convoy as far as to a relation's house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two in his way. 'I will introduce you', said he in a tone of pleasantry, 'because you will be a favourite; my cousin *Santonges* is as sober and precise as you were when I first found you.' The good man whom he thus characterised, possessed indeed all those virtues of which the ridicule of Delaserre had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it had never made me entirely cease to revere. In his family I regained the station which, in our dissipated society at Paris, I had lost. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural disposition to goodness; but his daughter Emilia de Santonges, was a more interesting aſsistant to it. After my experience of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaserre, however, found them insipid and tiresome. He left his kinsman's the third morning after his arrival, promising, as soon as his regiment should be reviewed to meet me in Paris. Except in Paris, said he, we exist merely, but do not live. I found it very different. I lived but in the presence of Emilia de

Santonges. But why should I recall those days of purest felicity, or think of what my Emilia was! for not long after she was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the skill of his physicians, were fruitless. He died, and left his daughter to my friendship. It was then that I first dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to ask, if she thought me worthy of comforting her sorrows? Emilia was too innocent for disguise, too honest for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues, (for I then was virtuous,) to reward at the same time, and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happiness; and I may say without vanity, since it is now my shame, that the since wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deserve the blessings he enjoyed.

Z

N° 83. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1786.

Continuation of the story of Father Nicholas.

In this state of peaceful felicity we had lived something more than a year, when my Emilia found herself with child. On that occasion my anxiety was

such as a husband who dotes upon his wife may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that anxiety, I proposed our removing for some weeks to *Paris*, where she might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives; but most of my neighbours applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country *accoucheurs* was such, that nobody who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented, and we removed to town accordingly.

For some time I scarce ever left our hotel: it was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. 'I shall not live,' she would say, 'to revisit *Santonges*: but my Henry will think of me there: in those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least what mine, my Love, could not speak.'—The good Father was overpowered by the tenderness of the

images that rushed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a short space he began, with a voice faultering and weak.

—'Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me, but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind; the images her speech recalled softened my feelings into sorrow; but I am not worthy of them. Hear the confession of my remorse.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit: mean time, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

In passing through the *Thuilleries*, in one of those walks, I met my old companion *Delaserre*. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broken off. He had heard, he said, accidentally of my being in town, but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice which were only not believed, from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiarised to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than

he was reported. After a variety of inquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company consisted only of Delaserre himself, and two other officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the cross of St. Louis, and the rank of Colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantry around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by *Delaserre.* It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the Colonel to sup with him the evening after.

The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister and a friend of hers, a widow, who though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my attentions

and conversation, and in hers I found myself flattered at the same time and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this Lady and me, and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaserre, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes: but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good-humour. *Madame de Trenville*, (that was the widow's name,) smiling to the Colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house, and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favourable fortune.

At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be: thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia shewed her uneasiness in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following Delaserre called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek and would have staid, but for the

shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delaserre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the Colonel threw in a little raillery on the subject of marriage. 'Twas the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

We played deeper and sat later than formerly; but I was to shew myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw Emilia next morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delaserre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as we went, that Emilia looked ill. 'Going to the country will re-establish her,' said I.—'Do you leave Paris?' said he.—'In a few days.'—'Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have.'—'What motives?'—'The attachment of such friends; but friendship is a cold word: the attachment of such a woman as *de Trenville*.' I know not how I looked, but he pressed the subject no farther; perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

We went to that Lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual, and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country-manners, of country opinions, of the insipidity of country-enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaserre, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed

and half sorry that I was going to the country; less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shewn me.

Z

N° 84. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1786.

Conclusion of the Story of Father Nicholas.

I WAS a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delaserre, who now resumed the ascendency over me he had formerly possessed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened that just at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of her's in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature-painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doated on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent

attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and her's, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delaserre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honour, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one

who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house, I knew not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night, and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia, and of my infant boy, crossed my disordered mind, and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night-lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must awake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea arose within me,—I shudder yet to tell it,—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclasped its little fingers and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart; its softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room, and, gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes;

that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sun-rise a stage-coach overtook me. 'Twas going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail, and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul, as he had done to my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlour. As I sat there one morning, the same stage-coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and amongst others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It

was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in had not strength to support. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to that spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown, and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences.—But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavour, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in its sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished.—Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. 'Twas but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her!' ——His voice ceased,—he looked on the picture, then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell for Vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his, and my tears began to drop on

it.—'My son,' said he, 'to feelings like yours it may not be unpleasing to recall my story:—if the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ridicule, think of father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy.'

Z

N° 85. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1786.

Non adeo inhumano ingenio sum, Chærea,
Neque tam imperita, ut quid amor valeat nesciam.

TER.

'WHY' says one of my correspondents, who writes in a fair Italian hand, and subscribes herself *Imoinda*, 'Why have you so little of love in the Lounger?' I answer, because there is so little of it in the world. 'Love,' says an author, who is probably of Imoinda's acquaintance, 'Love, the passion most natural to the sensibility of youth, has lost the plaintive dignity he once possessed, for the unmeaning simper of a dangling coxcomb; and the only serious concern, that of a dowry, is settled even among the beardless leaders of the dancing-school *.' It is undoubtedly true, that our young men now-a-days begin very early to see the propriety of mingling in love-affairs the *utile dulci*; which may be translated, that they think fully as much of the fortune as of the lady.

* Man of Feeling.

The present age, amidst all its acquirements and all its polish, has lost a good deal of that spirit of gallantry, and delicate respect for the ladies, which former times possessed. If we trace the history of their power, from the days of chivalry and romance down to the present less heroic times, we shall find it gradually declining, till now that there is little more than a mere sovereignty of form, but scarce any thing of the empire of sentiment remaining.

The prevailing rage for play, which is almost the only amusement (if it may not rather be called a business) which interests the fashionable world, has perhaps, of all circumstances, the most direct and powerful tendency to level the supremacy of the sex, and to stifle the feelings of respectful and delicate affection. Besides that the passions it excites are of that ungentle kind which 'scare the little loves,' there is, at a Whist or a Pharaoh table, a sort of business and money-transaction with the ladies, which necessarily abates the prerogative of sex, and abolishes that humble homage which they were wont to claim, which we were flattered to pay.

In the intercourse of ordinary life, the late founder of a school of politeness recommended a certain indifference or *nonchalance* of manner, as the characteristic of a well-bred man. The system has since his time flourished and prevailed in a most extensive degree; and, like all other systems that war on nature, has been carried a good deal farther by the disciples, than it is probable their master intended. 'Nous avons changé tout cela,' says the *Mock Doctor* of *Moliere*, when his patient's father ventured to suppose that the heart lay on the left side of the body. The fine gentleman of Lord *Chesterfield* has made a change still greater; the heart is struck out of his anatomy altogether.

Nor is it only in the resorts of fashionable, or of dissipated life, that Love has lost its votaries. In the walk of letters, in the haunts of meditation, the studies of modern times tend also to exclude his power. The modern discoveries in natural history, and in the mechanical arts; the researches into the various properties of matter, which the chymist and the naturalist have pushed to so extraordinary a length, however useful to the purposes of life, are unfavourable to that enthusiasm which formed the lover and the poet. The 'shadowy tribes of mind,' are much less cultivated than formerly. Fancy and imagination give place to sober reason and to certain truth; and the young man who in the academic shades was wont to dream majestic things, and to weave the myrtle garland for his mistress, now watches the progress of experiment, or unravels the maze of demonstration. Poetry is almost extinguished among us; and its decline may not unfairly be supposed to hold an equal pace with that of love, and to proceed from causes of a similar kind.

Of all the 'pensive cares of life,' none have a greater tendency to purify and exalt the mind, than those of a delicate and virtuous love. The inspiration of its melancholy soars above the grossness of vice, and the meanness of worldly and low-thoughted care. Its tender distresses humanize and soften the heart; and the hope or the pride of its more fortunate state is the strongest incentive to great and noble atchievements.

I have been led into this strain of reflection, from the perusal of an elegant little poem, with which I was lately favoured by an unknown correspondent. My readers, I am persuaded, will hold themselves indebted to me for its insertion. The Muse of later times, like a beauty in the days of her decay, has been in use to trick herself out in artificial orna-

ments, to load her language with epithet, and to twist her expression with inversions. The verses of my correspondent are free from that defect; he breathes the artless sentiments of ingenuous love, and clothes them in a suitable simplicity of language.

Z

ODE *to a* LADY *going abroad.*

I.

FAR, far from me my *Delia* goes,
And all my pray'rs, my tears, are vain;
Nor shall I know one hour's repose,
Till Delia bless these eyes again.

Companion of the wretched, come,
Fair Hope! and dwell with me a while;
Thy heavenly presence gilds the gloom,
While happier scenes in prospect smile.

Oh! who can tell what Time may do?
How all my sorrows yet may end?
Can she reject a love so true?
Can Delia e'er forsake her friend?

Unkind and rude the thorn is seen,
No sign of future sweetness shows;
But time calls forth its lovely green,
And spreads the blushes of the rose.

Then come, fair Hope, and whisper peace,
And keep the happy scenes in view;
When all these cares and fears shall cease,
And Delia bless a love so true.

II.

Hope, sweet deceiver, still believ'd,
In mercy sent to soothe our care:
Oh! tell me, am I now deceiv'd,
And wilt thou leave me to Despair?

Then hear, ye Powers, my earnest pray'r,
This pang unutterable save;
Let me not live to know despair,
But give me quiet in the grave!

Why should I live to hate the light,
Be with myself at constant strife,
And drag about, in nature's spite,
An useless, joyless, load of life?

But far from her all ills remove,
Your favourite care let Delia be,
Long blest in friendship, blest in love,
And may she never think on me.

III.

But if, to prove my love sincere,
The fates a while this trial doom;
Then aid me, Hope, my woes to bear,
Nor leave me till my Delia come;

Till Delia come, no more to part,
And all these cares and fears remove,
Oh, come! relieve this widow'd heart,
Oh, quickly come! my pride, my love!

My Delia come! whose looks beguile,
Whose smile can charm my cares away;—
Oh! come with that enchanting smile,
And brighten up life's wintry day;

Oh, come! and make me full amends,
For all my cares, my fears, my pain;
Delia, restore me to my friends,
Restore me to myself again.

Nº 86. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1786.

I HAPPENED to spend some days lately in the country, at the house of a gentleman distinguished in the republic of letters, and whose conversation is at all times in the highest degree instructive and entertaining. On my road home from his house, my whole thoughts were taken up with the agreeable entertainment I had received from his company, and I was employed in treasuring up in my mind the many useful observations that had fallen from him. When I arrived in town, the first person I met with was my old acquaintance *Symposius*. Symposius is what is called a good bottle-companion; that is, one who thinks none, talks little, and drinks a great deal. He is much in company, and good company too; because he keeps his seat quietly, has a steady hand at decanting a bottle, never forgets where the toast stands, never interrupts a story except by filling a bumper, can make punch, brew negus, and season a *devil*. With this combination of qualities, Symposius is oftener seen at good dinners than any man in town; and were it not for the liquor he consumes, would be as harmless as e'er a bottle-slider at the table. At some house of my acquaintance he had heard of my country-excursion, and where I had passed my time. 'You are a happy man,' said he, 'in possessing an intimacy and friendship so valuable as that of Mr. ——. I was once accidentally at his house: he had the finest batch of wine of any man in the country. I never drank such Old Hock in my life.'

I could not help smiling at Symposius's idea of a valuable friendship; and yet, when I considered the

matter a little more closely, I began to think that in most men the same disposition might be traced, to value others according to the standard of themselves; to form their opinions and their attachments from circumstances as partial, though not so ridiculous, as the friendship of Symposius for the cellar of Mr. ——.

I had not long parted with Symposius, when I met with my old college-companion Dr. *Syntax*. He was, when I knew him first, a tutor at one of the universities, which he left on the death of a relation in India, who bequeathed him a considerable annuity for life. When at the university, he was remarkable for his skill in the Latin language, and still considers the knowledge of that tongue as the only thing which can conduct a man to eminence. I remember to have had some conversation with him about a gentleman, who, in his younger years, was one of Syntax's pupils. This gentleman had been bred to the bar; and after having figured in his profession, he became a member of the legislature, and was considered as one of the ablest speakers in the house in which he sat. 'Yes,' said my learned friend, 'I always knew the lad would do well. When he was under my care, he wrote Latin verses faster than any boy I ever knew, and composed the best discourse I ever read upon *Patavinity*.' I took care not to let Syntax know that the first thing his pupil did, was to endeavour to *forget* almost all he had learned from his master, and that to this he principally ascribed his success in life.

But it is not only amongst men of learning that this narrowness of opinion is to be met with. It is to be found in all professions and in every situation. *Ditticus* is a man of fortune, and indeed he has this merit, that it has been principally made by himself. To men whose wealth is of their own acquirement,

it naturally appears of the highest value, as the Israelites worshipped the golden image they had made. Ditticus supposes, that the possession of wealth constitutes the great happiness of life. In this, perhaps, however false the supposition, Ditticus is not singular; but he carries the matter a good deal farther, and thinks that wealth confers not only every blessing, but every talent and accomplishment. He thinks meanly of the sense, the learning, or the taste of any man who walks on foot, a little better of one who rides a-horseback, but his idea of supreme excellence is confined to the person who lolls in his coach and six. When you see Ditticus with a stranger, you may judge of the weight of his purse from the degree of complaisance and attention which Ditticus pays to his opinions. Ditticus would not for the world be thought to be intimate with a poor man; and avoids as much as possible being seen with persons suspected of poverty; and if he should be so unlucky as to encounter with any of them, he takes care to shew, by his behaviour, in what repute he holds their abilities and understanding. If he has a rich man at his table, he sends him a larger slice of his mutton than to any other person, as if his stomach were proportionably capacious as his purse; if he is engaged in a party at cards, he chuses the wealthiest man of the set for his partner, as if riches could give skill in the game. I dined t'other day with Ditticus, when, upon his telling me a story that appeared not a little improbable, I expressed some difficulty to give entire credit to it; Ditticus, with great earnestness, assured me it was most certainly true; for he had heard it from a gentleman of 3000l. a-year.

The character of *Valens* is very different from that of Ditticus, but he is guided by principles equally absurd. Valens has the good fortune to be possessed

of a hale robust constitution. Valens is not only sensible of the advantage arising from this circumstance, but prizes it so highly as to think it communicates every other advantage; and that the want of it is connected with every thing that is mean and unworthy. Valens never sees a man with broad shoulders, brawny legs, or an open chest, but he looks upon him with respect, and wishes to become his friend; while he starts back with horror from, and avoids, as he would do a thing contaminated, a man who has the appearance of a weak and sickly constitution. In short, good health with Valens is like the crust of loaf bread, which Peter told his brothers was the staff of life, in which was contained the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard. As Valens is a man of some education, he has formed a theory, in order to justify his conduct and principles. If you attempt to reason with him, he will tell you, that health must be the foundation, not only of good morals, but of every thing else that is valuable; that without a robust constitution, no man can possess firmness and intrepidity of mind, or give that application and attention which is requisite for the purposes of life; that it is health alone which can give cheerfulness, and its attendants, good-will and benevolence to others; that without health a man becomes peevish, chagrined, morose, and discontented, displeased with himself, and unfriendly to all the rest of mankind. When he has a mind to be more diffuse, as he is a man of some humour, he will tell you, that John Knox could never have brought about the Reformation, had he not been a man of a strong make and a firm constitution; that Marlborough would never have been able to stem the power of France, had he not been of that figure of body which gives strength and vigour to the mind; that Cicero's long neck

produced that feebleness of soul, which threw such a cloud over his other qualities; and that, had not Alexander the Great been a man of small stature, he would not only have conquered the world, but have been able to hand down the empire he had won undivided to his successors.

The character of *Pallidus* forms an exact counterpart to that of Valens. Pallidus inherited from nature a feeble constitution; and the effeminate education which he received from his doting parents, who had no other child, did not tend to correct or to strengthen it. As Pallidus's state of health is very different from that of Valens, so he has formed a system directly opposite. Pallidus is constantly telling you, and he is *uneasy* if you do not believe him, that it is only men of delicate constitutions who can be susceptible of the delicacies of virtuous feeling; that men who are robust and hardy, acquire a ferociousness and a hardness of mind which destroys all the finer principles of the soul. Pallidus is at times eloquent upon the subject; he will run you over a long list of names of men who have been confessedly allowed to be possessed of the finest genius; and concludes with assuring you, it was the extreme delicacy of their health that gave birth to their exquisite sensibility of mind, which exerted itself in those displays of imagination and of science which have rendered them immortal. Pallidus is exceedingly fond of the society of the ladies, and courts their company; but he was never known to be attached to a woman remarkable for the goodness of her constitution, who was able to bear fatigue, or to share those exercises which require bodily strength. Pallidus has ever in his mouth that remark of Dean Swift's, 'That he never knew a woman who was good for any thing, that had a constant flow of health and good spirits.' Nay, Pallidus carries the

matter so far, that he cannot endure to see a female eat with an appetite; and would no more allow his sister or his niece to associate with a woman of a good stomach, than with one of a tainted reputation.

In all these characters, I perceived, upon a little reflection, the same leading propensity to bring the happiness, the excellence, or the defects of others, to our own standard; and I am persuaded, were we narrowly to examine those around us, we should find among the busy, the idle, the ambitious, or the dissipated, the same colouring of objects, according to their own prevailing taste or humour; and that, though the examples might not sound so ludicrously, the principle would still be found the same, would still, in the eye of a philosopher, be the *Old Hock* of Symposius.

A

N° 87. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1786.

——Sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt hodieque manent vestigia ruris. HOR.

THAT there is Nobody in town, is the observation of every person one has met for several weeks past, and though the word *Nobody*, like its fellow-vocable *Everybody*, has a great latitude of signification, and in this instance means upwards of threescore thousand people, yet undoubtedly, in a certain rank of life, one finds, at this season, a very great blank in one's accustomed society. He whom circumstances oblige to remain in town, feels a sort of imprisonment from which his more fortunate acquaintance have escaped to purer air, to fresher breezes, and a clearer sky,

He sees, with a very melancholy aspect, the close window-shutters of deserted houses, the rusted knockers, and mossy pavement of unfrequented squares, and the few distant scattered figures of empty walks; while he fancies, in the country, the joyousness of the reapers, and the shout of the sportsman enlivening the fields; and within doors, the hours made jocund by the festivity of assembled friends, the frolic, the dance, and the song.

Though the prevailing incidents of my latter part of life have fixed it almost constantly to a town, yet nobody is more enthusiastically fond of the country than I; and amidst all my banishment from it, I have contrived still to preserve a relish for its pleasures, and an enjoyment of its sports, which few who visit it so seldom are able to retain. I can still weave an angling-line, or dress a fly, am at least a hit-and-miss man a-shooting, and have not forgotten the tune of a *View Holla*, or the encouraging *Hark forward!* to a cautious hound. But though these are a set of capacities which mark one's denizenship to the country, and which therefore I am proud to retain, yet I confess I am more delighted with its quieter and less turbulent pleasures. There is a sort of moral use of the country, which every man who has not lost the rural sentiment will feel; a certain purity of mind and imagination which its scenes inspire, a simplicity, a colouring of nature on the objects around us, which correct the artifice and interestedness of the world. There is in the country a pensive vacancy (if the expression may be allowed me) of mind, which stills the violence of passion and the tumult of desire. One can hardly dream on the bank of some nameless brook without waking a better and a wiser man. I early took the liberty of boasting to my readers, that, as a *Lounger*, I had learned to be idle without guilt, and indolent without

indifference. In the country, methinks, I find this disposition congenial to the place; the air which breathes around me, like that which touches the *Eolian harp*, steals on my soul a tender but varied tone of feeling, that lulls while it elevates, that soothes while it inspires. Not a blade that whistles in the breeze, not a weed that spreads its speckled leaves to the sun, but may add something to the ideas of him who can lounge with all his mind open about him.

I am not sure if, in the regret which I feel for my absence from the country, I do not rate its enjoyments higher, and paint its landscapes in more glowing colours, than the reality might afford. I have long cultivated a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of travelling in my easy-chair, of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlour, to distant places and to absent friends, of drawing scenes in my mind's eye, and of peopling them with the groups of fancy, or the society of remembrance. When I have sometimes lately felt the dreariness of the town, deserted by my acquaintance; when I have returned from the coffee-house where the boxes were unoccupied, and strolled out from my accustomed walk, which even the lame beggar had left; I was fain to shut myself up in my room, order a dish of my best tea (for there is a sort of melancholy which disposes one to make much of one's self), and calling up the powers of memory and imagination, leave the solitary town for a solitude more interesting, which my younger days enjoyed in the country, which I think, and if I am wrong I do not wish to be undeceived, was the most elysian spot in the world.

'Twas at an old Lady's, a relation and god-mother of mine, where a particular incident occasioned my being left during the vacation of two successive sea-

sons. Her house was formed out of the remains of an old Gothic castle, of which one tower was still almost entire; it was tenanted by kindly daws and swallows. Beneath, in a modernized part of the building, resided the mistress of the mansion. The house was skirted with a few majestic elms and beeches, and the stumps of several others shewed that they had once been more numerous. To the west a clump of firs covered a rugged rocky dell, where the rooks claimed a prescriptive seignory. Through this a dashing rivulet forced its way, which afterwards grew quiet in its progress; and gurgling gently through a piece of downy meadow-ground crossed the bottom of the garden, where a little rustic paling inclosed a washing-green, and a wicker-seat fronting the south was placed for the accommodation of the old Lady, whose lesser tour, when her fields did not require a visit, used to terminate in this spot. Here, too, were ranged the hives for her bees, whose hum, in a still, warm sunshine, soothed the good old Lady's indolence, while their proverbial industry was sometimes quoted for the instruction of her washers. The brook ran brawling through some underwood on the outside of the garden, and soon after formed a little cascade, which fell into the river that winded through a valley in front of the house. When hay-making or harvest was going on, my god-mother took her long stick in her hand, and overlooked the labours of the mowers or reapers; though I believe there was little thrift in the superintendency, as the visit generally cost her a draught of beer or a dram, to encourage their diligence.

Within doors she had so able an assistant, that her labour was little. In that department an old man-servant was her minister, the father of my *Peter*, who serves me not the less faithfully that we have gathered nuts together in my godmother's hazel bank.

This old butler (I call him by his title of honour, though in truth he had many subordinate offices) had originally enlisted with her husband, who went into the army a youth, though he afterwards married and became a country gentleman, had been his servant abroad, and attended him during his last illness at home. His best hat, which he wore a Sundays, with a scarlet waistcoat of his masters, had still a cockade in it.

Her husband's books were in a room at the top of a screw stair-case, which had scarce been opened since his death; but her own library for Sabbath or rainy days, was ranged in a little book-press in the parlour. It consisted, as far as I can remember, of several volumes of sermons, a Concordance, *Thomas a'Kempis*, Antoninus's Meditations, the Works of the Author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, and a translation of *Boethius*; the original editions of the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, *Cowley*'s Poems, *Dryden*'s Works (of which I had lost a volume soon after I first came about her house), *Baker*'s Chronicle, *Burnet*'s History of his own Times, *Lamb*'s Royal Cookery, *Abercromby*'s Scots Warriors, and *Nisbet*'s Heraldy.

The subject of the last-mentioned book was my godmother's strong ground; and she could disentangle a point of genealogy beyond any body I ever knew. She had an excellent memory for anecdote; and her stories, though sometimes long, were never tiresome; for she had been a woman of great beauty and accomplishment in her youth, and had kept such company as made the drama of her stories respectable and interesting. She spoke frequently of such of her own family as she remembered when a child, but scarcely ever of those she had lost, though one could see she thought of them often. She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her youngest, Edward, 'her beautiful, her brave,' fell in

Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an artless red and white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedside, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it. When she spoke of a soldier, it was in a style above her usual simplicity; there was a sort of swell in her language, which sometimes a tear (for her age had not lost the privilege of tears) made still more eloquent. She kept her sorrows, like the devotions that solaced them, sacred to herself. They threw nothing of gloom over her deportment; a gentle shade only, like the fleckered clouds of summer, that increase, not diminish, the benignity of the season.

She had few neighbours, and still fewer visitors; but her reception of such as did visit her was cordial in the extreme. She pressed a little too much perhaps: but there was so much heart and goodwill in her importunity, as made her good things seem better than those of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her guests, tho' it might have flattered her vanity more than that of most exhibitors of good dinners, because the cookery was generally directed by herself. Their servants lived as well in her hall, and their horses in her stable. She looked after the airing of their sheets, and saw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who rose betimes, would never suffer any body to mount his horse fasting.

The parson of the parish was her guest every Sunday, and said prayers in the evening. To say truth, he was no great genius, nor much a scholar. I believe my godmother knew rather more of divinity than he did; but she received from him information of another sort; he told her who were the poor, the sick, the dying of the parish, and she had some assistance, some comfort for them all,

I could draw the old lady at this moment!—dressed in grey, with a clean white hood nicely plaited (for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person), sitting in her straight-backed elbow-chair, which stood in a large window scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass, the story of Joseph and his brethren. On the outside waved a honeysuckle-tree, which often threw its shade across her book, or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. 'It has stood there many a day,' said she, 'and we old inhabitants should bear with one another.' Methinks I see her thus seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little on her brow for a pause of explanation, their shagreen-case laid between the leaves of a silver-clasped family-bible. On one side, her bell and snuff-box; on the other, her knitting apparatus in a blue damask bag. —Between her and the fire an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward's, teased, but not teased out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine.—All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business. In town I may have seen such a figure; but the country scenery around, like the tasteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would lose in any other situation.

Some of my readers, perhaps, will look with little relish on the portrait. I know it is an egotism in me to talk of its value; but over this dish of tea, and in such a temper of mind, one is given to egotism. It will be only adding another to say, that when I recall the rural scene of the good old lady's abode, her simple, her innocent, her useful employments, the afflictions she sustained in this world, the comforts she drew from another; I feel a serenity of soul, a benignity of affections, which I am sure confer happiness, and I think must promote virtue. Z

N° 88. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

IN a late Paper you have given to the Public, you presented us with the character of a gentleman possessed of sensibility and delicacy of feelings, but destitute of virtuous exertion. Allow me to introduce to your readers the character of another, considerably different, the view of which may not perhaps be altogether without its use, and may make some addition to the number of original portraits you have given to the Public.

Dormer is a man who is not only free from vice, but who is possessed of a considerable regard for virtue; and yet when his character comes to be considered attentively, it will be found defective in many very important respects. Dormer's great object is the public good, and to this he dedicates his whole time and labour.

Part of the year he lives in the country; and when there, he is constantly occupied in contriving schemes for the advancement of agriculture and the improvement of manufactures. He has written a number of little treatises upon those subjects, and his house is constantly filled with those pamphleteers and projectors, who, like him, talk of nothing but the good of their country. At county-meetings he never fails to attend, and there he constantly supports or opposes some scheme, as beneficial or pernicious to the public good. When any plan is proposed, which

by theoretical deduction it can be shown may possibly be attended with some general advantage, but which will certainly be very hurtful to some individuals, Dormer is sure to give it his warmest approbation and support. His constant maxim is, that the interest of individuals should never be put in competition with that of the Public. From a steady adherence to this maxim, he thinks nothing of demolishing houses, rooting out inclosures, or dispossessing tenants. I have known him, for the purpose of widening a highway only a few feet, pull down a house by which a widow and a numerous family of children were turned out to the open air.

The same love of public utility attends Dormer when he comes to town. He views with admiration the public works which are going on, and visits with great satisfaction the different improvements. He talks with apparent philanthropy of the rapid progress this country is making, and blesses himself for having lived at a period of so great advancement.

He says, it ever shall be his object to contribute as much as a poor individual can to every thing which is of national importance. Actuated by such motives, he is a good subject to government; and one of his favourite tenets is, that the powers that are should be implicitly submitted to. To every magistrate, and every person in public office, he pays the most passive obedience; and when once a law is enacted, he is for enforcing it without mitigation, though it should produce the ruin of the most innocent individuals. At a Circuit, he constantly waits upon the Judges, values himself on the respect and attention he pays them; and on all occasions is for inflicting rigorous punishments on the persons convicted of crimes, without paying regard to any alleviating circumstances in their case.

I do not wish to find fault with these, or at least

with all these particulars in Dormer; nor do I mean to say, that he is not sincere, or that his conduct does not proceed from a real concern for the good of the public. But when I allow this, I allow him all he is entitled to,—That he has a regard for the public interest.—This is the whole merit of his character.

But are there not private virtues, are there not private interests and attachments, that are as important as necessary to constitute a virtuous character, as a regard for the public interest? And ought general considerations of utility to supersede the attention to every thing else? In the conduct of Dormer they certainly do.

His love for the public is such, that he pays no attention to his family; the public engrosses him to such a degree, that he has no time for private friendship, or for the exercise of private virtues. His wife and daughters are unattended to at home; and his son, an excellent young man, is despised by him, because he does not like public meetings, and does not chuse to bustle for the good of his country. No one can tell of any charitable deed performed by Dormer; of any person in distress relieved by his generosity. To give this relief would be contrary to his principles, as he holds charity and generosity to be bastard virtues; he says, that if there were no charity there would be no idleness.

By unavoidable misfortunes in trade, a cousin of his of the fairest and best character, was reduced in his circumstances. Dormer was applied to for his name to a subscription for this gentleman's relief and that of his family; but he refused; said he thought it wrong to try to keep them in a genteel style; that the lowest station in society is the most useful; and that, in his opinion, the sons should be bred mechanics, and the daughter put out to service.

I have already said, that I do not mean to deny that Dormer is sincere in what he professes, in having the real good of the public at heart; but yet this admission which I have made must be taken with some allowance. His regard for the public, the concern which he takes in projects of advancement in agriculture, manufactures, and public works, does not so much proceed from a feeling of the happiness which this advancement will produce, as from a love of theory, of what is calculated to promote that theory, from a fondness for order, and for every thing conspiring to one great and general end. Were his views directed by a concern for the happiness produced by his plans, he would in some cases allow the comfort of individuals to enter into his regards.

A very ingenious philosopher, who possesses a singular power of illustration, joined to an uncommon depth of thinking, in speaking of the reason why utility pleases, has remarked, 'That the fitness, the happy contrivance of any production of art, is often more valued than the very end for which it was intended; and that the exact adjustment of the means for attaining any conveniency or pleasure, is frequently more regarded than that very conveniency or pleasure, in the attainment of which their whole merit would seem to consist.

'When a person,' continues this author, 'comes into his chamber, and finds the chairs all standing in the middle of the room, he is angry with his servant; and rather than see them continue in that disorder, perhaps takes the trouble himself to set them all in their places, with their backs to the wall. The whole propriety of this new situation arises from its superior conveniency in leaving the floor free and disengaged. To attain this conveniency, he voluntarily puts himself to more trouble than all he could have suffered from the want of it, since nothing was more

easy than to have set himself down upon one of them, which is probably what he does when his labour is over. What he wanted, therefore, it seems, was not so much this conveniency, as that arrangement of things which promotes it; yet it is this conveniency which ultimately recommends that arrangement, and bestows upon it the whole of its propriety and beauty.

'A watch, in the same manner, that falls behind above two minutes in a day, is despised by one curious in watches. He sells it perhaps for a couple of guineas, and purchases another at fifty, which will not lose above a minute in a fortnight. The sole use of watches, however, is to tell us what o'clock it is, and to hinder us from breaking any engagement, or suffering any other inconveniency, by our ignorance in that particular point. But the person so nice with regard to this machine, will not always be found either more scrupulously punctual than other men, or more anxiously concerned upon any other account to know precisely what time of day it is. What interests him is not so much the attainment of this piece of knowledge, as the perfection of the machine which serves to attain it.'

The same author afterwards observes, that it is a similar principle which frequently serves to recommend those institutions that tend to promote the public welfare.

Something of this kind may afford the key to Dormer's character. In all his schemes, in all his projects, it is not so much the end which he has in view, as the mode of producing that end. For this he sacrifices the happiness of individuals; nay, the aggregate happiness of a whole society does not fill or interest his mind so much, as the fitness of the measure by which, after many hardships and oppressions, that object may be produced.

I am, &c. T. L.

If the account which is given by my correspondent of Dormer's character be a just one, and I am persuaded by my own observation, that it is not out of nature, several useful lessons may be learned from it. We may be taught the danger of suffering attention to one part of our conduct to swallow up our regard for every other; we may perceive the hazard of allowing notions of public utility to extinguish private virtues. These last are indeed indispensably necessary to constitute the perfection of any character, and to all of us, except a very few, are the only virtues within our reach.

It may be told those men, who, like Dormer, arrogate to themselves the praise of public spirit, and look down with contempt on the humbler virtue of such as are occupied in the private concerns of life, that they are not quite so remote from selfishness as they would sometimes have the world to believe. The theories of Dormer are as much his children, as that son and daughter, whom perhaps he will call it virtue to disregard, in his violent attention to the good of his country; and when he canvasses with success at county-meetings for the family of his projects, he feels as much selfish satisfaction, and much more selfish vanity, than if he obtained a pension for his wife, or an appointment for his unfortunate relation. From Dormer's, and other such ostentatious characters, we may learn, that there may be often much pretension to virtue, and even some virtuous conduct, without much humanity, or much virtuous feeling.

P

N° 89. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I READ with infinite satisfaction your 87th number on the Pleasures of the Country, and the moral use of that 'rural sentiment,' the effects of which you know so well how to paint. But thus it is that brilliant fiction ever delights us; while you were describing in town, I was witnessing in the country. I have just returned from an excursion into a distant county, 'a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business.' 'Twas at the house of Mr. L——, a relation and intimate acquaintance of mine, where I have been pressingly invited these several years past, to spend a month or two of the autumn; to leave the thick air and unwholesome streets, the bustle, cares, and dissipation of the town, for the pure breeze, the healthful walk, the quiet, the peacefulness, and sobriety of the country. I had often heard of my friend L——'s charming place, his excellent house, his every thing, in short, that great wealth (for he is a man of a very large estate) could bestow, and taste (for every body talked of his and Mrs. L——'s taste) could adorn. I pictured his groves, his lawns, and his water-falls, with somewhat of that enthusiasm for country-scenery which you seem to feel; and I thought of his daughters (two elegant girls, whom I had just seen for a few minutes in their way from London) as the wood-

nymphs of the scene. All this 'rural sentiment' I set out with; and the sight of my friend's country-seat and beautiful grounds, which I reached on the third evening, did not belie it. How it has improved by my stay there, you shall judge by a short sketch of the country-life people lead at L—— *Hall.*

The party there, which my relation had told me was to be a select one, and which made him doubly urgent in his desire to have me there this autumn, consisted of an elderly dowager of rank and fortune, and her two unmarried daughters; a member of parliament, and his brother a clergyman from England; and two young officers of family, companions of Mr. L——'s eldest son, who has been about a year in the army. These, with your humble servant, in addition to Mr. L——'s own family, made up the standing establishment of the house. There were besides, every day, numerous occasional visitors from the neighbourhood; Mr. L—— representing the county in parliament, and receiving the instructions of his constituents at this time of the year only.

The night of my arrival I took the liberty of retiring before the rest of the company, being a good deal fatigued with my journey. Next morning, however, I got up betimes to enjoy the beauties of the season, and of the calm clear landscape around me. But when I would have gone out, I found the house-door locked. After various unsuccessful attempts to discover the retreat of the servants, I met a ragged little fellow, who told me he was boy to the porter's man, and the only creature beside myself stirring in the house; for that Mr. L——'s gentleman had given a supper to the servants who had lately arrived from town, and they had all sat up at cards till five in the morning. By

the interest of this young friend, I at last procured the key, and was let out. I strolled the way of the stable, of which I found the entry much easier than the exit from the house, the door being left very conveniently open. The horses from town had not been quite so well entertained as the servants; for they were standing with empty mangers, and the dirt of the day before hardened on their skins. But this was not much to be wondered at, as a pack of cards certainly affords a much pleasanter occupation than a curry-comb.

Having rubbed down a favourite poney, which I had brought to the country for an occasional ride, and locked the stable-door, I turned down a little path that led to the shrubbery; but I was afraid to enter any of the walks, as it was notified, by very legible inscriptions, that there were men-traps and steel-guns for the reception of intruders. I was forced therefore to restrict myself to a walk amidst the dust of the high-road till ten, when, on my return to the house, I found no less dust within doors, and was obliged to take refuge in my bed-room till the breakfasting parlour was put in order. By one of the servants, whom, from his surly look, I supposed to be a loser of the preceding night, I was informed that breakfast for some of the company would be ready by eleven.

At eleven I found some of the company assembled accordingly. The dowager did not appear, nor Mrs. L—— herself, but had chocolate in their different apartments: it seems they could not be made up, as one of the young ladies expressed it, so early; their daughters seemed to have been made up in haste; for they came down in rumpled night-caps, and their hair in a brown paste upon their shoulders. The young gentlemen joined us with the second tea-pot; their heads were in disorder too, but of

a different kind; they had drank, as they told us, three bowls of gin-toddy after the rest of the company had gone to bed. The master of the house entered the room when breakfast was nearly over: he asked pardon of his brother senator and the clergyman for being so late; but he had been detained, he said, looking over his farm; for he is a great improver of the value as well as the beauty of his estate. 'Did you ride or walk, Sir?' said I. Mr. L—— smiled. 'I walked only to the easy chair in my library; I always view my farm upon paper: *Mr. Capability*, my governor in these matters, drives through it in his phaeton, and lays down every thing so accurately that I have no occasion to go near it.'

Breakfast ended about one. The young gentlemen talked of going out a-shooting; but the weather was such as to scare any but hardy sportsmen; so they agreed to play billiards and cards within doors, in which they were joined by all the senior gentlemen except myself. I proposed to take myself to the library; but I found an unwillingness in our host to let me take down any of the books which were so elegantly bound and gilt, and ranged in such beautiful order, that it seemed contrary to the etiquette of the house to remove any of them from the shelves; but there was a particular selection in the parlour which the company was at liberty to peruse; it was made up of Hoyle's Games, the List of the Army, two Almanacks, the Royal Register, a file of the Morning Herald, Boswell's Tour, the Fashionable Magazine, the Trial of the Brighton Tailor, and an odd volume of the last Collection of farces.

Mrs. L——, and her friend the dowager, made their appearance about two. As I was neither of the billiard nor the whist party, and had finished my

studies in the parlour, they did me the honour to admit me of their *conversazione*. It consisted chiefly of a dissertation on some damask and chintz furniture Mrs. L—— had lately bespoke from the metropolis, and a dispute about the age of a *sulky* set of china she had bought last winter, at a sale of Lord *Squanderfield*'s. In one of the pauses of the debate, the day having cleared up beautifully, I ventured to ask the two Ladies, if they ever walked in the country. The dowager said, she never walked on account of her corns; Mrs. L—— told me, she had not walked since she caught a sore throat in one of the cold evenings of the year 1782.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the young Ladies, with half a score of packing boxes, just received by a ship from London. These changed the current of the discourse to the subject of dress, to caps, feathers, hats, and riding-habits. The military men now joined us, and made a very valuable addition to this board of inquiry, by their commentaries on walking boots, riding slippers, clubs, buckles and buttons. We had, not long after, an opportunity of judging of the practice as well as theory of those branches of the fine arts. Dinner was half cold, waiting for the dowager's eldest daughter, and the Major. They had spent about two hours at their toilets: yet the hurry of the Major appeared, by his man having forgot to put in the false straps to his buckles; and of the young Lady from one cheek being at least half a shade redder than the other. The ladies went to tea at nine o'clock, and we joined them at eleven, after having discussed the prices of different sets of burghs at one end of the table, and the qualities of several race-horses and game-cocks at the other.

Such, Sir, is the detail of one day at the rural retirement of my friend Mr. L——, which may

serve for the history of most of those I spent there. We had, however, our Sabbath-day's employment, and our Sabbath-day's guest, as well as your godmother. The first Sunday after my arrival being a rainy one, Mrs. L——, and most of our party accompanying her, went to the parish church. The English clergyman would not consent to so wicked a thing as going to a Presbyterian place of worship, and therefore staid at home, to look over a party at piquet in the dowager's dressing-room between her and his brother. I went with the church-going people for that one time, but shall never do so profane a thing again. The young folks nodded and laughed all the time of the service, and during the sermon drew back their chairs from the front of the gallery, eat nuts, and pelted the shells. The Major only was more seriously employed, in drawing caricatures of the congregation below, for which, it must be confessed, some of them afforded no unfavourable subjects.

The parson of the parish, like your old Lady's, was always a Sunday visitor at L—— Hall. He had been tutor to the heir and his second brother, and had the honour of inspiring them both with a most sovereign contempt and detestation of learning. He, too, like your god-mother's clergyman, communicated information; to the ladies he related the little scandalous anecdotes of the parish, and gave his former pupils intelligence of several coveys of partridges. Himself afforded them game within doors, being what is commonly called a *Butt* to the unfledged arrows of the young gentlemen's wit. To their father he was extremely useful in drawing corks, and putting him in mind where the toast stood. In short, he seemed a favourite with all the branches of the family. As to religion, it fared with that as with the literature he had been employed to

instil into his pupils; he contrived to make all the house think it a very ridiculous thing.

About a fortnight after I went to L—— Hall, the arrival of an elderly Baronet from town, an old club-companion of Mr. L——'s added one other rural idea to the stock we were already in possession of; I mean that of eating, in which our new guest *Sir William Harrico*, was a remarkable adept. Every morning at breakfast we had a dissertation on dinner, the bill of fare being brought up for the revisal of Sir William. He taught us a new way of dressing mushrooms, oversaw the composition of the grouse-soup in person, and gave the venison a reprieve to a certain distant day, when it should acquire the exactly proper *fumet* for the palate of a connoisseur.

Such, Mr. Lounger, is the train of 'rural sentiment' which I have cultivated during my autumn abode at L—— Hall. I think I might, without leaving town, have acquired the receipt for the mushroom ragout, and have eat stinking venison there as easily as in the country. I could have played cards or billiards at noon-day with as much satisfaction in a crowded street, as in view of Mr. L——'s woods and mountains. The warehouse in *Prince's Street* might have afforded me information as to chintz and damask chair-covers; and your ingenious correspondent, *Mr. Jenkin*, could have shewn me a model of the newest-fashioned buckle on the foot of some of his little scarlet beaux, or of a rouged cheek on one of the miniature ladies of his window. In short, I am inclined to believe, that folly, affectation, ignorance, and irreligion, might have been met with in town, notwithstanding the labours of the *Lounger:* that I might have saved myself three days journey, the expence of a post-chaise, and a six weeks loss of time; and, what was

perhaps more material than all the rest, I might have preserved that happy enthusiasm for country pleasures which you seem still to enjoy, and which, in the less-informed days of my youth, I also was fortunate enough to possess.

I am, &c.

URBANUS.

V

N° 90. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH, from my rank in life, being a tradesman's daughter, left an orphan at six years old, I had little title to know any thing about sensibility or feeling; yet having been very kindly taken into a family, where there were several young ladies who were great readers, I had opportunities of hearing a good deal about these things. By the same young ladies I was made acquainted with your Paper, and it was a favourite employment of mine to read the *Lounger* to them every Saturday morning. In one of the numbers published some time ago, we met with *Mrs. Alice Heartly*'s account of an old lady with whom she lives; and from the experience of our own feelings, could not help pitying the connection with one so destitute of all tender sentiment as my Lady *Bidmore*. I had soon after occasion to congratulate myself on a very different sort of establishment, having been recommended by my young patronesses to a lady, who used frequently to visit at

their house, whom we all knew (indeed it was her pride, she used to say, to acknowledge her weakness on that side) to be a perfect pattern, or, according to her own phrase, a perfect martyr of the most acute and delicate sensibility. At our house I saw her once in the greatest distress imaginable, from the accidental drowning of a fly in the cream-pot; and got great credit with her myself, for my tenderness about a gold-finch belonging to one of our young ladies, which I had taught to perch upon my shoulder, and pick little crumbs out of my mouth. I shall never forget Mrs. *Sensitive*'s crying out, 'Oh! how I envy her the sweet little creature's kisses!' It made me blush to hear her speak so; for I had never thought of kisses in the matter.

That little circumstance, however, procured me her favour so much, that, on being told of my situation, she begged I might, as she was kind enough to express it, be placed under her protection. As I had heard so much of her tender-heartedness and her feeling; as she was very rich, having been left a widow, with the disposal of her husband's whole fortune; as she had nobody but herself in family, so that it promised to be an easy place; all these things made me very happy to accept of her offer; and I agreed to go home to her house immediately, her last attendant having left her somewhat suddenly. I heard indeed, the very morning after I went thither, that her servants did not use to stay long with her, which gave me some little uneasiness; but she took occasion to inform me, that it was entirely owing to their cruelty and want of feeling, having turned them all off for some neglect or ill usage of her little family, as she called it. This little family, of which I had not heard before, consists of a number of birds and beasts, which it is the great pleasure of Mrs. Sensitive's life to keep and to fondle

and on which she is constantly exercising her sensibilities, as she says. My chief employment is to assist her in the care of them.

The waiting on this family of Mrs. Sensitive's is not so easy a task as I at first flattered myself it would have been. We have three lap-dogs, four cats, some of the ladies of which are almost always lying-in, a monkey, a flying squirrel, two parrots, a parroquet, a Virginia nightingale, a jack-daw, an owl, besides half a hundred smaller birds, bulfinches, canaries, linnets, and white sparrows. We have a dormouse in a box, a set of guinea-pigs in the garret, and a tame otter in the cellar; besides out-pensioners of pigeons and crows at our windows, and mice that come from a hole in the parlour wainscotting, to visit us at breakfast and dinner time. All these I am obliged to tend and watch with the utmost care and assiduity; not only to take care that their food and their drink be in plenty, and good order; not only to wash the lap-dogs, and to comb the cats, to play on the bird-organ for the instruction of the canaries and gold-finches, and to speak to the parrots and jack-daw for theirs; but I must accommodate myself, as my mistress says, to the feelings of the sweet creatures; I must contribute to their amusement, and keep them in good spirits; I must scratch the heads of the parrots; I must laugh to the monkey, and play at cork-balls with the kittens. Mrs. Sensitive says she can understand their looks and their language from *sympathy*; and that she is sure it must delight every susceptible mind to have thus an opportunity for extending the sphere of its sensibilities.

She sometimes takes an opportunity of extending something else with poor me. You can hardly suppose what a passion she gets into, if any thing about this family of hers is neglected; and when she

chuses to be angry, and speak her mind to me a little loud or so, her favourites, I suppose from sympathy too, join in the remonstrance, and make such a concert!—What between the lap-dogs, the parrots, the jack-daw, and the monkey, there is such a barking, squalling, cawing, and chattering!—Mrs. Sensitive's ears are not so easily hurt as her feelings.

But the misfortune is, Mr. Lounger, that her feelings are only made for brute creatures, and don't extend to us poor Christians of the family. She has no pity on us, no sympathy in the world for our distresses. She keeps a chambermaid and a boy besides myself; and I assure you it does not fare near so well with us as it does with the lap-dogs and the monkey. Nay, I have heard an old milk-woman say, who has been long about the family, that Mr. Sensitive himself was not treated altogether so kindly as some of his lady's four-footed favourites. He was, it seems, a good-natured man, and not much given to complain. The old woman says, she never heard of his finding fault with any thing, but once that Mrs. Sensitive insisted on taking into bed a Bologna greyhound, because she said it could not sleep a-nights, from the coldness of the climate in this country. Yet she often talks of her dear, dear Mr. Sensitive, and weeps when she talks of him; and she has got a fine tomb-stone raised over his grave, with an epitaph full of disconsolates, and inconsolables, and what not. To say truth, that is one way even for a human creature to get into her good graces; for I never heard her mention any of her dead friends without a great deal of kindness and tender regrets; but we are none of us willing to purchase her favour at that rate.

As for the living, they have the misfortune never to be to her liking. Ordinary objects of charity we are ordered never to suffer to come near her; she says

she cannot bear to hear their lamentable stories, for that they tear her poor feelings in pieces. Besides, she has discovered, that most of them really deserve no compassion, and many sensible worthy people of her acquaintance have cautioned her against giving way to her sensibility in that way: because, in such cases, the compassion of individuals is hurtful to society. There are several poor relations of her husband's, who, if it had not been for a settlement he made in her favour a short while before his death, would have had, I am told, by law, the greatest part of his fortune, to whom she never gave a shilling in her life. One little boy, her husband's godson, she consented to take into the house; but she turned him out of doors in less than a week, because of a blow he gave to *Fidele*, who was stealing his bread and butter.

Some of the other members of the family are almost tempted to steal bread and butter too. Mrs. Sensitive is an œconomist, though she spends a great deal of money on these nasty dogs, and monkeys, and contrives to pinch it off us, both back and belly, as the saying is. The chambermaid has given her warning already on this score; and the boy says, he will only stay till he is a little bigger. As for me, she is pleased to say, that I am of an order of beings superior to the others; and she sometimes condescends to reason with me. She would persuade me, Sir, that it is a sin to eat the flesh of any bird or beast, and talks much of a set of philosophers, who went naked, I think, who believed, that people were turned into beasts and birds; and that therefore we might chance to eat our father or mother in the shape of a goose or a turkey. And she says, how delighted she would be in the society of those naked philosophers, and how much their doctrines agree with her fine feelings; and then she coaxes me, and

says, that I have fine feelings too: but indeed I have no such feelings belonging to me; and I know her greens and water don't agree with my feelings at all, but quite to the contrary, that there is such a grumbling about me.——And as for people being changed into birds and beasts, I think it is Heathenish, and downright against the Bible; and yet it is diverting enough sometimes to hear her fancies about it; and I can't help having my fancies too: as t'other morning, when the great horned owl sat at table by her, on the chair which she has often told me her dear, dear Mr. Sensitive used to occupy, and the poor creature looked so grave, and sat as silent as mum-chance;—but then she was so kind to the owl! I don't know what her squirrel was changed from, but it is always getting into some odd corner or other. 'Twas but yesterday I got a sad scold for offering to squeeze it when it had crept Lord knows how far up my petticoats; and my mistress was in such a flurry, for fear I should have hurt it! She lets it skip all about her without ever starting or wincing, for all her feelings are so fine. But these fine feelings are not like the feelings of any other body; and I wish to get into the service of some person who has them of a coarser kind, that would be a little more useful. If Mrs. Heartly therefore continues in her resolution of quitting Lady Bidmore's on account of that old Lady's want of feeling, I would be much obliged to you to recommend me to the place. I think I can bear a pretty good hand at a rubber and hard brush; and as for keeping the furniture clean, it would be perfect pastime only, in comparison of my morning's cleaning out Mrs. Sensitive's living collection. I hope Lady Bidmore, from her education, has never heard any thing of the naked philosophers; and if any other set have taught her that people are changed into Commodes,

chests of Drawers, or Bedsteads, it signifies very little, as we shall take exceeding good care of them, and the belief will have no effect on our dinners or suppers.——I am, &c.

BARBARA HEARTLESS.

I

N°91. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1786.

IT is the observation of an elegant author *, 'That there is a sublime and tender melancholy, almost the universal attendant of genius, which is too apt to degenerate into gloom and disgust with the world.' I have frequently had occasion to mark the justice of this observation; and it is with much regret that I have sometimes seen men of taste, and delicacy of feeling, have a tendency to indulge in habits of gloom, despondency, and disrelish of the world. There is a certain standard of virtue and propriety, which a man of delicacy is apt to form in his own mind, but which, in the common events of the world, is rarely to be met with;—there are certain ideas of elevated and sublime happiness which a man of a highly cultivated mind has a disposition to indulge, which it is hardly possible can be realized. When, therefore, a person of this disposition comes abroad into the world, when he meets with folly where he expected wisdom, falsehood in the room of honour, coarseness instead of delicacy, and selfish-

* Dr Gregory.

ness and insensibility where he had formed high ideas of generosity and refinement, he is apt to fall under the dominion of melancholy, and to see the world in a gloomy point of view. Such a man, if he is not at pains to guard against it, runs some risk of contracting a degree of habitual disgust at mankind, and becoming misanthropical to a certain extent.

It will not, however, be that species of misanthropy which takes delight in the miseries of mankind; on the contrary, it will be a feeling of disgust arising from disappointed benevolence, mingled with pity and compassion for the follies and weaknesses of men. I doubt much if there exists in the world a complete *misanthrope*, in the darkest sense of that word, a person who takes pleasure in the wretchedness of others. If there does, it is impossible to conceive sufficient detestation at such a character. But the misanthropy of which I speak is of a much softer kind, and borders nearly on the highest degree of *philanthropy*. It seems indeed to be the child of philanthropy, and to proceed from too much sensibility, hurt by disappointment in the benevolent and amiable feelings.

It is a common and a just remark, that where a strong friendship has subsisted, if that friendship is once broken by the fault of either party, it is difficult to prevent a certain degree of hatred and disgust from taking place. The more susceptible the two persons were of the strong attachments of friendship, the more warmly and the mose closely they were once united, so much the more difficult does it become to bring about a re-union or reconcilement. The sanguine and romantic opinions they had formed of one another's worth, and the disappointment which both or either of them feel from the behaviour of the other, inflicts a wound which rankles in the soul, and prevents all future confi-

dence. The same conduct in another person not so dear, with whom there was not so close an union, would have been passed over, and made little impression; the former distant and cold acquaintance would have gone on as usual, and forgiveness would easily have taken place.

Somewhat similar to the situation of a person who has been disappointed in the conduct of one from whom he expected much happiness and much friendship, is that of him, who, having conceived warm and elevated notions of the world, has been disappointed in all these better expectations. The world, with its pursuits, will appear in an unfavourable light; he will be apt to quit its society, and to indulge in solitude his gloomy reflections. His dislike of the world, however, will be of a calm and gentle kind; it will rather be pity than hatred; though he may think ill of the species, he will be kind to individuals; he may dislike man, but will assist John or James.

Shakspeare, from whose writings much knowledge of the human heart is to be acquired, has presented us, in several of his characters, with a history of that melancholy and misanthropy I have described above.

Of the character of Hamlet, one of my predecessors * has given a delineation which appears to me to be a just one. Naturally of the most amiable and virtuous disposition, and endued with the most exquisite sensibility, he is unfortunate; and his misfortunes proceed from the crimes of those with whom he was the most nearly connected, for whom he had the strongest feelings of natural affection. From these circumstances, he is hurt in his soul's tenderest part; he is unhinged in his principles of action, falls

* Mirror, N° 99, 100.

into melancholy, and conceives disgust at the world: yet amidst all his disgust, and the misanthropy which he at times discovers, we constantly perceive that goodness and benevolence are the prevailing features of his character; amidst all the gloom of his melancholy, and the agitation in which his calamities involve him, there are occasional outbreakings of a mind richly endowed by nature, and cultivated by education. Had Hamlet possessed less sensibility, had he not been so easily hurt by the calamities of life, by the crimes of the persons with whom he was connected, he would have preserved more equanimity, he would not have been the prey of dark desponding melancholy; the world and all its uses would not have appeared to him 'stale, flat, and unprofitable; an unweeded garden that grows to seed, possessed merely by things rank and gross in nature.'

In the play of '*As you like it*,' there is brought upon the stage a personage of a more fixed and systematic melancholy than that of Hamlet. Hamlet's melancholy and disgust with the world, is occasioned by the particular nature of the misfortunes he meets with. But in *Jaques* we see a settled and confirmed melancholy, not proceeding from any misfortune peculiar to himself, but arising from a general feeling of the vanity of the world, and the folly of those engaged in its pursuits. His melancholy is therefore more settled than that of Hamlet, and is in truth more deeply rooted. He takes no share in the enjoyments of life, but abandons society, and lives in solitude. Hamlet, wounded to the heart by the misfortunes which befal him, and irritated by the crimes of others, feels more poignantly at the time. The feelings of Jaques are more general, and therefore the more calm, but from that very cause are deeper and more fixed. It is to be observed, however, that the melancholy and misanthropy of Jaques,

like that of Hamlet, proceeds from excess of tenderness, from too much sensibility to the evils of the world and the faults of mankind. His moralizing on the poor sequestered stag, is a most beautiful illustration of his tenderness, and of his nice perception and sorrow for the follies and vices of men; —as his comparison of the world to a stage affords a highly finished picture of the estimation in which he holds human life.

In '*Timon of Athens*,' we are presented with a character in many respects different from that of Hamlet or Jaques. Here we have misanthropy of a much darker hue. Soured with disappointment; fallen from the height of prosperity into the lowest state of adversity; deceived by flattering friends; forsaken by the buzzing attendants on wealth and greatness, Timon conceives disgust at the world and its enjoyments; and that disgust produces hatred and aversion at mankind. Yet even here it is observable, that with all Timon's misanthropy, there is a great mixture of original goodness and benevolence. At his first outset in life he was unsuspicious, and wished to contribute to the happiness of all around him. 'Being free himself, he thought all others so.' Disappointed in the opinion he had formed of the world, and shocked with the ingratitude he met with; 'brought low,' as he is said to be, 'by his own heart, undone by goodness,' he becomes a prey to deep gloom and misanthropy: but with all his misanthropy, he preserves a sense of honour and of right.

It is to be admitted, however, that as Timon's is a character much inferior to, and much less amiable than that of Hamlet or of Jaques, so his misanthropy is of a much blacker and more savage nature. Hamlet's misanthropy arises from a deep sense of the guilt of others;—Jaques's from a general impression

of the follies and weaknesses of the world;—Timon's is produced by a selfish sense of the ingratitude of others to himself. His disgust at the world, therefore, is not mixed with the same gentleness and amiable tenderness which are displayed by the other two; and he possesses as much misanthropy of the blackest sort as it is possible for human nature to arrive at. Shakspeare indeed holds him forth as a person altogether bereft of reason. He seems to have thought, that such a degree of misanthropy as Timon is described to be possessed of, was inconsistent with the use of that faculty.

In the criticism on Hamlet which I before quoted, it is observed, that amidst all his melancholy and gloom, there is a great deal of gaiety and playfulness in his deportment. The remark is certainly just, and it may be extended to the other characters of Shakspeare above taken notice of. Notwithstanding the settled dejection of Jaques, he is described as possessing an uncommon degree of humour. He himself tells us, 'he is often wrapped in a most humorous sadness.' The account which he gives of the motley fool he met with in the forest, and the description of the seven ages of human life, are lively instances of this strong feature in his character.

Even Timon, black as his melancholy appears, is not without an humour in his sadness. The joke put by him on his worthless friends, in inviting them to dinner when he had none to give them, the conversation between him and Apemantus, and the last scene with the Poet and Painter, are sufficient confirmations of this remark.

The disposition in all these characters to a certain degree of jocularity and sportiveness, is far from being unnatural. On the contrary, I am disposed to think that something of this kind takes place in every

person who is under the influence of melancholy. There is no doubt that the mind may be so much overwhelmed, as to be incapable of relishing any degree of sportiveness or of gaiety; but when the first paroxisms of grief are over, when the violent effects of overwhelming distress, which cannot long continue, have subsided, and when the mind has assumed a tone perhaps equally distressing, but more lasting and calm, and even more thoughtful, there is no time when the effect of a joke will be more easily perceived, or better understood.

This may perhaps be accounted for by a few observations on the state of the mind in such circumstances, with which I shall conclude the present Paper.

A person under the influence of melancholy, or indeed of any passion whatever, must frequently become a spectator of his own mind*; must often be led to view his own feelings in the light in which they will appear to others. Viewing them in this light, and in the situation of persons not under the same prejudice, they may appear to him very differently from what is his own habitual impression; and in this situation he may entertain somewhat of a disposition to smile at himself, and to admit of a joke even at his own expence. The gentleness of Hamlet's spirit made him anxious to accomodate himself, and bring down his own feelings to a level with those of the persons around him; and therefore, on all occasions, even in the deepest melancholy, he engages in pleasantry of conversation; he even ventures to joke with Horatio on his mother's marriage, which was the great cause of all his sorrow.

If, as some philosophers have maintained, ridicule arises from contrast, there is no situation, provided

* See Theory of Moral Sentiment.

we are capable of perceiving ridicule at all, in which the ridiculous will appear in a stronger point of view, than when the mind is under the dominion of melancholy. The very situation must heighten the contrast. The circumstance of *Cromwell* and his associate bedaubing one another's faces with ink, while they were in the act of signing the warrant for the death of the king; or that of Lord *Lovat* with the suds on his beard kissing *Hogarth*, who had come to steal a drawing of him, the day before his execution; would have been childish at any other time.

When a person is in a melancholy frame of mind, such a melancholy as leads him to view the world and all its pursuits in a gloomy point of view, this is apt to produce a sort of elevation above the world, and an indifference about every thing that is going on in it. The great and the low, the rich and the poor, the busy and the idle, are all seen with equal unconcern, as passing through a few years to that period, when all their projects will be buried in the grave.

> Divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
> Nil interest, an pauper, et infima
> De gente, sub dio moreris,
> Victima nil miserantis Orci.
> Omnes eodem cogimur.——

Such a person may feel some gratification in letting himself down from the melancholy eminence from which he views human life; and considering all its occupations as frivolous alike, it will rather flatter than hurt his pride, to join in the trifling jest or idle merriment.

He who is under the pressure of grief, under the influence of sorrow, occasioned by some calamity, may at times feel a sort of gratification in escaping from his own mind, and from the dominion of his

melancholy. To use the words of an author who has a peculiar talent at expressing the nice feelings of the human heart: 'there is a certain kind of trifling, in which a mind not much at ease can sometimes indulge itself. One feels an escape, as it were, from the heart, and is fain to take up with lighter company. It is like the theft of a truant boy, who goes to play for a few minutes, while his master is asleep, and throws the chiding for his task upon futurity.'

Such a disposition for mind, however, with all that interest which it exerts in us, with all the privileges it may claim, and all the pleasantry it may at times enjoy, is nevertheless deeply to be regretted in others, and anxiously to be avoided in ourselves. I must the more earnestly warn my readers against the indulgence of this sort of melancholy disposition; because, in its first stages, there is something gratifying, something which flatters and captivates: but if allowed to grow into a habit, it unhinges every better faculty of the mind; it destroys the usefulness, and blasts the enjoyment, of life.

A

N° 92. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

A CORRESPONDENT of yours has described the uneasiness he feels from a wife of a romantic turn of mind. It is my misfortune to be yoked to a hus-

band who would have pleased that lady to a T, but who is a perpetual distress to me; who teazes me from morning to night with what he calls sentiment; and talks for ever of something which he terms fineness of mind.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune in the south of Scotland, who, early in life, married a Lady who brought him no fortune indeed, but soon enriched him with four sons and five daughters, of whom I am the eldest. By the assistance of a great man, whose interest in the county my father had espoused, my brothers were soon shipped off to India, and some other far-off places, to shift for themselves, and push their fortune as they best could. It was more difficult to dispose of us. My mother proposed to breed some of us to business, to put us in a way, as she said, of earning an honest livelihood for ourselves. The pride of my father could not submit to this proposition, and he thought it better that we should starve like gentlewomen descended from an ancient family.

We were accordingly kept at home in the old and crazy mansion-house, where we received such an education as my mother, assisted by our parish-minister, (who happened to be a relation of hers,) could give us. As to my father, he was so much occupied in managing his farm, and in labouring to make the two ends of the year meet, that he had little leisure to bestow any attention upon us. If at any time he addressed himself to me and my sisters, it was to check any thing that appeared to him like extravagance in our dress, to recommend œconomy and attention to household affairs, and to praise those happy times when men were not scared from marriage by the extravagance of wives; and when, of course, every daughter of a respectable family was sure of a good husband as soon as she was brought from the nursery.

A continual flow of animal spirits, and a cheerful disposition, enable me to support this life, without feeling much uneasiness, or much desire to change my situation. When I had entered my twentieth year, a female relation of my father's, who resides chiefly in town, honoured us with a visit. She was pleased to express much satisfaction with my looks and appearance, blamed my father for not sending me to town; and said, that were I once properly introduced into the world, I might be certain of a good marriage. These observations were accompanied with a warm invitation to pass the next winter at her house, where she told my father it would cost him nothing but a mere trifle for my clothes, and that he might think himself very happy to be able to dispose of a daughter at so easy a rate.

These arguments at length prevailed, and it was agreed that I should attend my cousin to town. I will fairly own, Sir, that I felt a certain degree of uneasiness at the thoughts of being exposed as it were to sale, and condemned to give my hand to the highest bidder. My parents, it was plain, sent me to town with no other view than that I might find a husband there; and when I took leave of them, I could easily see they laid their account that I was not to return without one.

These reflections were soon lost amidst the gaiety and hurry of a town-life; I enjoyed its pleasures and amusements without thinking of consequences; and would have forgotten the object of my journey, had not my prudent kinswoman recalled my attention to it from time to time, and inculcated, in terms sufficiently strong, the absolute necessity of changing my state.

Meanwhile the season passed away; and though I met with a sufficient degree of attention at all public places, and though my cousin spared no pains to set

me off to the best advantage, nothing like a serious proposal of marriage ever was made.

Such was the natural lightness of my spirit, and easiness of my disposition, that without much difficulty, I reconciled myself to the idea of returning to my father's; and nothing gave me any disquietude, but the thoughts of continuing a burden on him. But the solicitude of my cousin, who had in a manner undertaken to dispose of me, increased daily, and afforded me, I must confess, rather amusement than uneasiness. When she saw me led out to dance by a younger brother, she could not conceal her chagrin; and from her manner and conversation, a person unacquainted with her motive might have been led to think, that there was something baneful in the touch of a man who did not possess a certain fortune.

While matters wore this unpromising aspect, and the period fixed for my return to the country approached, we went with a party to the theatre, to see the celebrated Mrs. Siddons play in the tragedy of The Gamester. The distress of Mrs. Beverley soon engaged my attention so completely, that it was some time before I observed, that, by an accidental change of places in the box, a gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and whom I had never seen before, was placed by me. He seemed deeply affected by the play: and after it was over, addressed to me some observations on the piece and the performers. He appeared to be pleased with a remark or two which I happened to make on the play, praised the feeling I had shown during its representation, and then entered more deeply into the subject of plays and of feelings. I cannot say that I understood all he said; but either he did not perceive my ignorance, or kindly wished to instruct me; and so continued talking till it was time to retire.

When we got home, my cousin observed, that I

had been well placed that evening. 'Mr. *Edwards*,' said she, 'is not one of those young giddy, extravagant fops whom one generally meets with at public places. He has lately succeeded to a large fortune by the death of an elder brother, and the world says he is looking out for a wife. He is just the sort of man I should wish for you, and I have engaged him to dinner on Monday next; so I desire you may be at home.'

The imagination of my good kinswoman dwelt constantly on Mr. Edwards, whom she seemed to consider as my last stake, and many a good advice I received as to my conduct and behaviour on this important Monday. 'Mr. Edwards,' said she, 'is a sedate, sensible man; you must not therefore talk at random, and laugh, as you sometimes do. You must, above all, be attentive to him, and do not engage in any idle talk with the rest of the company.' When the day came, my cousin attended my toilet in person; and, had I been going to a birth-day ball, could not have bestowed more pains than she did in dressing me out in the manner that appeared to her most likely to make an impression on the devoted Mr. Edwards.

You may well believe that I was much entertained with this anxiety to please a person I had seen but once, and who I could not suppose had ever bestowed one thought on me. When the company assembled, I found that, in the selection she had made, my cousin had done me ample justice. The females were either old or uncommmonly plain in their appearance. By some manœuvre I was placed next to Mr. Edwards at dinner; but there, the ridicule of my own situation added to my natural flow of spirits, and forgetting all the prudent advices I had received, I yielded without reserve to the disposition of the moment, and was highly amused with the looks I from time to time received from the head

of the table, which, though unobserved by the rest of the company, were to me sufficiently intelligible.

My artless unpremeditated manner was, however, more successful than my cousin expected, or I could foresee. Mr. Edwards repeated his visits, and after some time offered me his hand in the most respectful and delicate manner. In marrying Mr. Edwards I did no violence to my own inclinations. Though I cannot say that I loved him, I esteemed his character; I was grateful for the distinctions with which he had honoured me, and I was firmly determined to discharge all the duties of a wife.

Soon after our marriage, he carried me on an excursion to England; and as he wished, he said, to enjoy my conversation without interruption, we travelled alone. For the first day or two I endeavoured to amuse him as I best could, by talking of the face of the country, the towns through which we passed, the gentleman's seats we saw, and such like common topics. One day, however, he at once struck me dumb, by asking whether I was most pleased with *Marivaux* or *Riccoboni*? I was at length obliged to confess, that I did not know the meaning of his question. 'Gracious Heavens!' exclaimed he, 'have you never, *Matilda*, (for so he always calls me, though I have told him a thousand times that I was christened Martha,) perused the delightful pages of these celebrated authors?' In a word, Sir, had I told him that I had never read the scripture, he could not have testified more astonishment.

Our jaunt was shortened, and we hurried into the country, that I might, without interruption, apply myself to the study of the French language, without which my husband plainly insinuated, that I could never be a companion for a rational creature. To this I had no objection; and I resolved, by assiduous application, to make up for the deficiencies in my

education. But this will not satisfy my husband, and I now plainly perceive, that were I as accomplished as any of my sex, it would not mend the matter one bit. If I happen to be in good humour when he is in a grave fit, (which, to say the truth, he frequently is,) he ascribes it to want of attachment, and tells me, that if I felt that sympathy of soul in which true happiness consists, I could not behave in that manner. If I receive my friends and neighbours with common attention, he says, that if I loved like him, I could not dedicate so much of my time to the gratification of others. If I quit him to look after my household concerns, he talks of vulgar cares and unfeeling solicitudes; though, at the same time, with all his sentiment and refinement, he is by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table; and it was but yesterday that he was out of humour the whole day, because the mutton was over-roasted, and the cook had put too much garlick into an omelet.

Under favour, Sir, I have been sometimes led to suspect, that the unhappiness of my husband proceeds from a certain degree of selfishness, which he has not been at pains to restrain within due bounds. I would willingly, however, do every thing in my power to remove his uneasiness, but find myself altogether at a loss how to act. His distresses are so various, and often of so peculiar a nature, that when I exert myself the most to please him, I frequently give him the greatest pain. In this hard situation I at length resolved to apply to you for advice and assistance; which will much oblige,

Your constant reader,

MARTHA EDWARDS.

All this comes of not marrying a younger man. Had Miss Martha (or Matilda, since her husband will have it so) wedded one of the young gentlemen of the present mode, she would have found him perfectly indifferent as to what feelings she possessed, or what authors she read; but he would probably have asked some preliminary questions about her fortune, which Mr. Edwards seems to have overlooked. As to the niceties of the table, that is a feeling common to both schools, in which the new indeed rather surpasses the old: that study therefore I would recommend to Mrs. Edwards. The codes of 'sentiment and fineness of mind,' are so voluminous, that I know not how to desire her to undergo a course of them; but it will not be difficult for her to make herself mistress of *Hannah Glasse*.

R

N° 93. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 11, 1786.

Fortunatus et ille Deos qui novit agrestes. VIRG.

One of the great pleasures of a periodical Essayist arises from that sort of friendly and cordial intercourse which his publication sometimes procures him with worthy and respectable characters. The receipt of the following letter has added to the list of my acquaintance a gentleman whose person indeed I am ignorant of, but whose sentiments I respect, whose sorrows I revere, and whose feelings I am persuaded

many of my readers (even in these days, which he holds not very susceptible of such emotions) will warmly participate.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I, AS well as your correspondent *Urbanus*, was very much pleased with your late Paper on the moral use of the country, and the portrait of the excellent Lady it contained. I am an old man, Sir, but, thank God, with all my faculties and feelings entire and alive about me; and your description recalled to my memory some worthy characters with which my youth was acquainted, and which, I am inclined to believe, I should find it a little difficult, were I even disposed to look out for them, to supply now. At my time of life, friends are a treasure which the fortunate may have preserved, but the most fortunate can hardly acquire; and, if I am not mistaken in my opinion of the present race, there are not many friendships among them which I would be solicitous to acquire, or they will be likely to preserve. It is not of their little irregularities or imprudences I complain; I know these must always be expected and pardoned in the young; and there are few of us old people who can recollect our youthful days without having some things of that sort to blush for. No, Mr. Lounger, it is their prudence, their wisdom, their foresight, their policy, I find fault with. They put on the livery of the world so early, and have so few of the weaknesses of feeling or of fancy! To this cause I impute the want of that rural sentiment which your correspondent Urbanus seems to suppose is banished

only from the country-retreats of town-dissipation, from the abodes of fashionable and frivolous people, who carry all the follies and pleasures of a city into scenes destined for rural simplicity and rural enjoyments. But in truth, Sir, the people of the country themselves, who never knew fashionable life or city-dissipation, have now exchanged the simple-hearted pleasures which in my younger days were common amongst them, for ideas of a much more selfish and interested sort. Most of my young acquaintance there (and I spend at least eight months of the year in the country) are really arrived at that prudent way of estimating things which we used to be diverted with in *Hudibras:*

> 'For what's the value of a thing,
> 'But as much money as 'twill bring?'

Their ambition, their love, their friendship, all have this tendency, and their no-ambition, their no-love, their no-friendship, or, in one word, their indifference about every object from which some wordly advantage is not to be drawn, is equally observable on the other hand. On such a disposition, Mr. Lounger, what impression is to be made by rural objects or rural scenery? The visions which these paint to fancy, or the tender ties they have on remembrance, cannot find room in an imagination or a heart made callous by selfish and interested indifference. 'Tis with regret rather than resentment that I perceive this sort of turn so prevalent among the young people of my acquaintance, or those with whom I am connected. I have now, alas! no child of my own in whom I can either lament such a failng, or be proud of the want of it.

I think myself happy, Sir, that, even at my advanced period of life, I am still susceptible of such impressions as those which your 87th number im-

putes to rural contemplation. At this season, above all others, methinks they are to be enjoyed. Now, in this fading time of the year, when the flush of vegetation, and the glow of maturity is past, when the fields put on a sober, or rather saddened appearance, I look on the well-known scenery around my country-dwelling, as I would on a friend fallen from the pride of prosperity to a more humble and a more interesting situation. The withering grass that whistles on the unsheltered bank; the fallen leaves strewed over the woodland path; the silence of the almost naked copse, which not long ago rung with the music of the birds; the flocking of their little tribes that seem mute with the dread of ills to come; the querulous call of the partridge in the bare brown field, and the soft low song of the red-breast from the household shed; this pensive landscape, with these plaintive accompaniments, dimmed by a grey October sky, which we look on with the thoughts of its shortened and still shortening light; all this presses on my bosom a certain still and gentle melancholy, which I would not part with for all the pleasure that mirth could give, for all the luxury that wealth could buy.

You say truly, in one of your late Papers, that poetry is almost extinguished among us: it is one of my old-fashioned propensities to be fond of poetry, to be delighted with its descriptions, to be affected by its sentiments. I find genuine poetry a sort of opening to the feelings of my mind, to which my own expression could not give vent; I see in its descriptions, a picture more lively and better composed than my own less distinct and less vivid ideas of the objects around me could furnish. It is with such impressions that I read the following lines of Thomson's Autumn, introductive of the solemn and beautiful apostrophe to philosophic melancholy.

'But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage dusk and dun,
Of every hue from wan-declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while illumin'd wide
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet,
To sooth the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.'

About this time three years, Sir, I had the misfortune to lose a daughter, the last survivor of my family, whom her mother, dying at her birth, left a legacy to my tenderness, who closed a life of the most exemplary goodness, of the most tender filial duty, of the warmest benevolence, of the most exalted piety, by a very gradual but not unperceived decay. When I think on the returning season of this calamity, when I see the last fading flowers of autumn, which my *Harriet* used to gather with a kind of sympathetic sadness, and hear the small chirping note of the flocking linnets, which she used to make me observe as the elegy of the year! when I have drawn her picture in the midst of this rural scenery, and then reflect on her many virtues and accomplishments, on her early and unceasing attentions to myself, her gentle and winning manners to every one around her; when I remember her resignation during the progress of her disorder, her unshaken and sublime piety in its latest stages; when these recollections fill my mind, in

conjunction with the drooping images of the season, and the sense of my own waning period of life; I feel a mixture of sadness and of composure, of humility and of elevation of spirit, which I think, Sir, a man would ill exchange for any degree of unfeeling prudence, or of worldly wisdom and indifference.

The attachment to rural objects is like that family-affection which a warm and uncorrupted mind preserves for its relations and early acquaintance. In a town, the lively partiality and predilection for these relations and friends, is weakened or lost in the general intercourse of the multitude around us. In a town, external objects are so common, so unappropriated to ourselves, and are so liable to change and to decay, that we cannot feel any close or permanent connection with them. In the country, we remember them unchanged for a long space of time, and for that space known and frequented by scarce any but ourselves. 'Methinks I should hate,' (says a young Lady, the child of fiction, yet drawn with many features like that excellent girl I lost,) 'methinks I should hate to have been born in a town. When I say my native brook, or my native hill, I talk of friends, of whom the remembrance warms my heart.' When the memory of persons we dearly loved is connected with the view of those objects, they have then a double link to the soul. It were tender enough for me to view some ancient trees that form my common evening-walk, did I only remember what I was when I first sported under their shade, and what I am when I rest under it now; but it is doubly tender, when I think of those with whom I have walked there; of her whom but a few summers ago I saw beneath those beeches, smiling in health, and beauty, and happiness, her present days lighted up with innocence and mirth, and her

future drawn in the flattering colours of fancy and of hope.

But I know not why I should trouble you with this recital of the situation and feelings of an individual, or indeed why I should have written to you at all, except that I catched a sort of congenial spirit from your 87th number, and was led by the letter of Urbanus, to compare your description of a personage in former times, with those whose sentiments I sometimes hear in the present days. I am not sure that these have gained in point of substance what they have lost in point of imagination. Power, and wealth, and luxury, are relative terms; and if address, and prudence, and policy, can only acquire us our share, we shall not account ourselves more powerful, more rich, or more luxurious, than when in the little we possessed we were still equal to those around us. But if we have narrowed the sources of internal comfort and internal enjoyment, if we have debased the powers or corrupted the purity of the mind, if we have blunted the sympathy or contracted the affections of the heart, we have lost some of that treasure which was absolutely our own, and derived not its value from comparative estimation. Above all, if we have allowed the prudence or the interests of this world, to shut out from our souls the view or the hopes of a better, we have quenched that light which would have cheered the darkness of affliction, and the evening of old age, which at this moment, Mr. Lounger, (for, like an old man, I must come back to myself,) I feel restoring me my virtuous friends, my loved relations, my dearest child!

I am, &c.

ADRASTUS.

Z

N° 94. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1786.

Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato
Gaudetis. HOR.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

Though you, and other writers of your sort, are constantly recommending benevolence and social affection, as not only the most laudable, but as the happiest dispositions of mind; yet I confess I am inclined to doubt at least one half of the proposition. The care we take of our neighbours is oftener praised than rewarded, and sometimes it has the misfortune to meet neither with approbation nor recompence. That I have some reason to say so, Mr. Lounger, I fancy you will be inclined to allow, when I tell you how it has fared with myself.

I was, from my earliest years, disposed to think more of other people's advantage than of my own. When at school, I was the great prompter both of study and of amusement, though I was no wise remarkable for excelling in the one or enjoying the other. I shewed the first boys of our class the easiest way of getting their lessons and performing their exercises; but I seldom could be at the trouble to get or to perform my own. I laid excellent plans for new games, truant expeditions, and little plots of mischief; but being of a weakly constitution, and of not a very resolute mind, I seldom was an actor in the amusement or the adventure: as I had, however,

a sort of vanity, which was flattered by the imputation of the advice, I was often flogged for tricks I had not played, and idle diversions in which I had not partaken. I was generally pitched on as a sort of ambassador when a play-day was to be asked, or a boy begged off; because I liked to put myself forward, and was readier with my tongue than my hand. But in this office I was very ill rewarded for my trouble; I was sometimes whipped in place of him whose pardon I had the assurance to ask, and often left out of the party whose play I had been so lucky as to obtain.

These disappointments, however, did not damp the natural ardour of my disposition to serve my friends. Genius, it has been observed, rather grows upon controul; my genius was that of giving advice, and it seemed rather to increase than to abate as I grew up into life. I chose a profession which was very well calculated for indulging this propensity, that of a physician, and went through a regular course of education to qualify myself for a degree; which, however, I failed of obtaining at the university in which I studied, having incurred the displeasure of the professors, from being the promoter, as they said, of certain cabals among the students, which disturbed the peace of the community. For obtaining that honorary distinction, I was obliged to go to a foreign university, where, from a want of the language, I was prevented from giving so much good advice as I should otherwise have been inclined to bestow.

When I returned to my native country, I was resolved to make up for this unprofitable interval of silence, by a liberal use of my talent for advising. But I don't know how it happened, except from that disposition which genius has rather to voluntary than to expected exertion, I had not half the plea-

sure in giving advice as a physician, that I felt in offering my counsel in any other case of doubt or of difficulty. It might perhaps be owing to this that I was little consulted; and in some houses into which I got access as a doctor, it was alleged that I raised such a ferment by my non-medical advice, as all my sedatives were unable to allay. On my skill as a physician I bore attacks without much emotion: but, conscious of the purity of my intentions, I was surprised to hear my conduct as a man arraigned; astonished, when an adviser like myself cautioned me against intermeddling with other people's affairs; told me, that nothing was so hurtful to one's self as the telling people disagreeable truths; and that, if I was not on my guard, I would soon be shunned as a busy-body and an incendiary, who set every family into which he was admitted by the ears.

In consequence of the caution offered me by this teller of agreeable truths, I was determined, notwithstanding my natural philanthropy, to withhold the counsel of which I saw most of my neighbours stand so much in need, when an incident happened that put me a good deal in spirits with myself and in favour with the world. An uncle died, and left me heir to a considerable sum which he possessed in the funds. By his death I found myself to have acquired a great deal of wisdom and persuasion, as well as money; and while that money lasted, seldom met with a man or a woman who did not find my advice perfectly prudent and useful. It was indeed frequently given in a way exactly the reverse of what my profession (which I now followed only for my amusement) should have taught me. The fee commonly accompanied the prescription, in the form of a loan, a present, a subscription, or some such genteel denomination; and I had among my patients

persons of very great consideration, and of the most eminent talents. I scarce remember any who obstinately and bluntly refused my advice, except one author, whom I earnestly advised to suppress a dedication he shewed me to a small volume of poems, with which he was about to favour the public. This was a matter too in which I thought I had the best title to offer my opinion, as the book was to be dedicated to myself, and I had set down my name for one hundred copies.

In the disposal of the riches with which this unexpected death of my relation had endowed me, I was equally benevolent and disinterested as in the other parts of my conduct. The effects of this were, as in other cases, more beneficial to my friends than to myself: by that hospitality with which I repaid the gratitude of those whose measures I prompted or advised; by the facility with which I entered into money engagements, in aid of those measures; by becoming a sharer in several projects, of which I had the chief management and direction, and in which therefore I generally had the honour of making the first and largest advances; and by laying out money according to the advice of some of the ablest men in that department; (for after I grew rich I had got advisers too;) by all these means, Mr. Lounger, in the course of ten or twelve years, I found my uncle's inheritance almost entirely exhausted, and I was left in the decline of life with no other provision than a very small annuity, which the wreck of it enabled me to purchase.

I was, however, always of a sanguine, thoughtless disposition, and not easily put out of temper with the circumstances in which fortune had placed me. My annuity, small as it was, enabled me to keep up a decent appearance; and my degree gave me a convenient, and, in this country, a respectable

appellation. I had gained, too, some experience during the vicissitudes of my fortune, and in my days of prosperity, had, as I mentioned above, known what it was to receive as well as to offer advice. On this experience, and an attention to my own feelings, I built the system of my future conduct; and by a diligent attention to the feelings of others, I have been able to pursue it with very tolerable success. I still continue my profession of *adviser;* but I now give advice after a manner perfectly different from that in which I set out, not according to the case in which I am consulted, but according to the inclination of him or her who consults me.

You cannot easily imagine, Sir, how much good-will this deportment has gained me. Instead of the distant acquaintance and cold reception which in the days of my honest counsel I generally met with, I now find myself surrounded by friends and well-wishers wherever I go. I dine six days in the week at good tables, have frequent invitations to parties of pleasure; nay, I might have even some professional advantage, if I was inclined to lay hold of it, and might be feed for prescribing remedies to people of fashion, of which themselves have first told me the infallibility. I had a present of a gold snuff-box from an old gouty Lord, for listening to his account of the virtues of *sulphur-water;* and my Lady *Notable* lately sent me a suit of damask of her own making, for having staid to witness some experiments with her favourite *worm-powder*.

Not only indeed in medicine, in which I might be supposed to have some knowledge, but in most other arts and sciences, this same echo-counsel has given me the character of being very skilful and well informed. I have acquired a great character for connoisseurship in painting, by advising the great collector, Mr. *Tinto*, to purchase, as an original *Vandyke*,

a picture which his ordinary counsellor in these matters had insisted, in spite of his patron's assertion, was but a copy; and an author of great reputation has mentioned me as one of the justest critics of his acquaintance, because I gave it as my opinion, that he should by all means retain a simile in his new tragedy, which an actor would have had him cut out as too long and unnatural. At the theatre my advice is followed, even by that most unadviseable of all professions, the players, ever since I told Mr. —— that he was an incomparable *Macbeth*, and advised Mrs. —— to play *Juliet* in her grand climacteric.

I sometimes make friends, and establish my reputation for taste, as much by dissuading from what should not, as by advising what should be done. I have eat venison half a dozen times at Lord *Visto's* country-seat, ever since I begged him not to think of building such a clumsy temple as his neighbour Sir *Paul Prospect* has lately erected; and have been very much a man *à bonnes fortunes* in the good graces of *Miss Trippet*, since one morning that I dissuaded her from wearing a gypsey hat with pink ribbons, which made *Lady Bell Airy* look so frightful at the assembly a few evenings before.

On one occasion only I recollect my method of giving counsel to have failed of being acceptable: in my young days, when I had the foolish way of advising inconsiderately, I had given a decided opinion against a friend's marrying his maid-servant, who a few days after first shewed his being estranged from me, by leaving me out of the company he invited to the christening of his first child. In my wiser days, I was consulted by another friend on a similar occasion. I advised him by all means to marry. I did not see him till a twelvemonth after; he seemed to bear me no good-will for my advice; and the first token

of reconciliation I received from him was a few weeks ago, by a letter to his wife's funeral.

I have thus very candidly communicated to you, Mr. Lounger, my method of giving advice, so agreeable to the advised, as well as so highly advantageous to the adviser. I communicate it to you from a very friendly motive; because I think I have observed, that in many of your Papers you have rather shewn a disposition to give counsel to your readers in my first manner, which before I had been taught better things, made me so unwelcome a guest and so disagreeable a companion. Believe me, you will find it much more expedient to perform this friendly office according to the improved system which at present I follow with so much applause and success. But I forget that it is probable you design your Work rather for posterity than the present times; in which case, you are certainly very much in the right to adopt the opposite plan; and in that view of the matter, it has my entire approbation.

I have the honour to be, &c.

VALERIUS VELVET.

Z

N° 95. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1786.

Here Hunt *may box, or* Mahomet *may dance.*

JOHNSON.

When I returned from my morning's walk one day of last week, *Peter* informed me that a young gentleman had called, who would not tell his name,

but promised to call again in the evening, and in the mean time left a letter which he said would inform me who he was. 'I think, Sir,' said Peter, while I was opening the letter, 'that were he a little older, and had a major wig instead of his own brown hair in round curls on his neck, that one might discover a likeness between him and Colonel *Caustic.*' There was some reason for the resemblance; for in fact it was a young relation of the Colonel's, who had been two or three years at an English university, and is now come hither for the winter to study some particular branches at ours. He brought me a letter of introduction from my worthy friend his kinsman, which gave him, in the Colonel's delicate way, a great deal of commendation, though I am persuaded, from what I have seen of him, no more than he merits. 'He is really a fine boy,' said the Colonel's letter, 'and I think you will like him the better that he pretends to be no more. He has neither learned to be a fop nor a prig at college; and though a little flighty and light-headed now and then, has a soundness at heart that never deceives one. The lad has a classical taste, and has written some love-verses that would not have disgraced better times, when the women were worthy of them.'

When he came in the evening, I found his appearance very prepossessing, and not the less so, that I really imagined I saw some of that resemblance which Peter's sagacity had discovered. Peter laid two covers without my bidding; and the young gentleman accepted the invitation they implied. After our little supper, we got so well acquainted, and found ourselves so much related through the connection of Colonel Caustic, that the young man, as I wished, forgot the difference of our age, and the lateness of his introduction, and we quoted

Horace, told college anecdotes, repeated college verses, and laughed at college puns, till midnight.

He pleased me much with the affection he expressed for my old friend and his sister, with whom he had spent several weeks previous to his coming hither. 'Don't you think Miss *Caustic*, Sir,' said he, 'one of the most excellent women in the world? and then her brother's affection for her! methinks I like both the better every time he speaks of his sister. We were talking one day of a book of receipts which she had copied.—'There wants one here,' said the Colonel, 'which my sister possesses beyond any body I know; a receipt for making people happy.'——She has a way of doing kind things with so little pretension! She had talked lately of getting some pieces of dress from town, and when she heard of my setting out, had put twenty guineas into my hand as her agent in the business; but when she took leave of me, she said, 'she found she should have no occasion for any addition to her wardrobe this year.—But you must lay out the twenty guineas,' said she, 'in looking at the fashionable dresses of this winter, that you may be able to instruct me in my purchases for the next.'

'You never saw the Colonel (continued his young friend) in better health or spirits than he is at present. He put one or two of his old guns in order on my account, and walked out with me himself, to shew me the grounds where the game was to be found, which he says was almost as plentiful this season, as it was when he was a shooter.'—'Why does he not come to town?' said I.—'I asked him that question, Sir; but he told me he did not intend to be in town; and yet I believe he was much the better for his last excursion hither.'—'I am persuaded the journey would be of service to him.'—His young relation smiled. 'I believe it was not so much the journey to Edin-

burgh, as the follies he saw there, that did him so much good. He swallowed a thousand impertinences, he says, when here; and his sister tells me he has chewed the cud on them ever since. Every time he related any of them to her or to me, he seemed to be better pleased with himself, and with the times which he calls his own; though I am happy to believe that he will live these dozen years, to tell us that he has nothing to do with the present times. He says, he does not intend being in town again, because the novelty that amused him the last time he was there is over. I should only find, said he, the same follies and the same vices; the same coarse or frivolous men, and the same vulgar or giddy women, I saw there two winters ago.'

'But you may assure him,' said I, 'he is mistaken; that I have received undoubted intelligence, that there is to be no folly, no vice, among us this winter; that our private society is to be decent and well-bred, our public places orderly and well regulated; that there will be no bludgeon'd beaux to justle him in his walks, nor female cavaliers to stare him out of countenance; that our dinners are to afford the elegant entertainment of Attic conviviality, 'the feast of reason, and the flow of soul;' that the tea-tables of the ladies are to be schools of delicacy, refinement, and instructive conversation; that Lady Rumpus has learned silence, old—sobriety, and his son decorum; that our assemblies, instead of *fine ladies* lolloping through country-dances with *fine men*, are to be filled with *fine women*, who are to dance minuets with *fine gentlemen*; that at our concerts people of fashion are to listen to the music, and that the music is to be worth the listening to; that our Theatre ——But you shall hear what it is to be from better authority. I received this very morning a letter on that subject, which, among other novelties, you may

communicate to the Colonel. Here it is, sealed with a *Shakspeare's* head, and dated from *Holyrood-house.*'

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

I presume, from the uniform practice of your predecessors, and indeed from several of your earlier Papers, that the state of the Theatre is by no means a subject of indifference to you. In this belief, I make bold to trouble you with a Letter concerning our Scotish Stage, which I hope will meet with your attention. I think, Sir, I may presume to say, that I am not an unqualified correspondent on that subject, having passed most of my life behind the Scenes, in different parts of the kingdom, and have reason to flatter myself with having been of considerable use to the Stage, though my labours have not proved so advantageous to myself as I had reason to look for. I was the first who brought any thing like discipline among *Bayes's Light Horse*; I had a very principal hand in the Sea in *Harlequin's Invasion*; and gave the Plan for the construction of the famous Cloud which took up the deities in *Midas*. These, and many other services of equal importance, have been long forgotten. I will make no personal reflections, Sir; but Managers are well known not to be always so attentive to merit as they ought to be. I know it has been said, that I was dismissed from the London Theatre, on account of an unfortunate accident, to wit, the falling of a flying dragon, which I had invented for a new Pantomime; by which the Devil and Dr. Faustus were both killed on the spot. But, in the first place, the story is false in itself, the Doctor having

only broke his nose, and the Devil his tail, by the accident; and at any rate, the dragon was not of my construction, but one borrowed from the Opera-house, which had been foundered by hard riding in the ballet of *Jason and Medea*.

I understand, Sir, that it is intended this winter to make a very material improvement on the Theatre at Edinburgh, by bringing down the *Sadler's Wells* Company, to perform here during a considerable part of the season. I will not have the vanity to say, that this was entirely owing to a suggestion of mine; yet it is certain that I hinted at such an improvement several months ago, at the house of a gentleman, an old acquaintance, with whom I sometimes take a Sunday's dinner, who is on very intimate terms with the Gentleman who dresses the Manager. But whoever may claim the honour of the invention, Sir, I cannot help congratulating this country on the event, which I look on as proceeding from the same liberal and enlarged spirit that has given rise to the Commercial Treaty with France. Undoubtedly a free and full communication and interchange of commodities is of advantage both among Nations and Theatres; and the jealousies and rivalships that used to subsist between contending Houses were extremely hurtful to all parties. It is the duty of every good citizen to promote an object so desirable as that of a friendly intercourse and mutual co-operation between such societies, for the entertainment of the public. With such good intentions, I beg leave to lay before you the sketch of a Plan for the more close and intimate union of the theatrical and dancing, or tumbling kingdoms, by their not only occupying the same ground, and alternately exhibiting on the same stage, but by their mutually coalescing and incorporating with one another, so as to give a Play all the decoration and movement of a Dance or a Tumbling, and a Dance

or a Tumbling all the interest and business of a Play. What an excellent entertainment, for instance, would Macbeth or Hamlet afford, if the plan of the Drama were preserved, according to the ancient theatrical mode, and the unfolding and progress of it brought forth, according to the new or Sadler's Wells school. The Soliloquies might be turned into Hornpipes, the Battles into Country Bumpkins, and the respective Courts of Scotland and Denmark might exhibit themselves to great advantage in a Cotillon; or the solemn scenes might be performed on the Slack Wire, the more animated from the Tight Rope, and the bustle of a full stage would naturally fall into feats of Agility and Lofty Tumbling. In *Macbeth*, the *Little Devil* would be quite in his element. In the tragedy of *Venice Preserv'd*, what a brilliant High Dance might *Pierre* in the senate-house perform in his chains; (which is indeed but one step beyond his ordinary style of acting in that scene;) and the senators (such of them at least whose robes would bear looking at behind) might join the inferior conspirators as *Figurantes*.

Comedy will easily and naturally slide into the department of her sister-arts; and as she has already betaken herself almost entirely to singing on the English Stage, she may with great propriety become a dancer on the Scotch Theatre. As to *Farces* or *petites Pieces*, I think they may admit of a different set of performers, and be played with applause by actors of the animal creation. *General Jackoo*, of the Sadler's Wells Company, who I'm told has a very quick *study*, might soon be made perfect in *Fribble*; and the wonderful *English Bull-dog* be brought out in the part of *Major Sturgeon*. It could not but afford pleasure to every rational and philosophic mind, thus to see the lower orders of creation brought forward a step in the scale of being, and assuming, on the stage of Edin-

burgh, a rank and consequence which partial nature has denied them.

But though the superstructure of dancing and tumbling is thus proposed to be raised on the old theatrical foundation; yet, Sir, it is by no means any part of my plan to discard or render unnecessary the present incumbents of the Theatre. Their exertions will necessarily be united with their new associates from Sadler's Wells, to get up, as it is called, the pieces which are to be performed in this new manner; and I have too much knowledge of the extent and versatility of their genius, not to be convinced that they will easily accommodate themselves to the change. Some of the best Tragedians of our present company will readily acquire the walk of the Tight-rope; most of the Ladies, I am sure, will have no objection to put themselves under the tuition of the Devil, in the tumbling way; and several of the most celebrated comic performers are already so excellent in the *posture* line, as to give assurance of their arriving at the first degree of eminence in that department.

And now, Sir, give me leave to state some of the obvious advantages that will arise from this new and improved mode of conducting the Drama.

1*mo*, As the entertainment would be addressed to the eyes, it would allow perfect liberty to the tongues of the audience: of the restraint, in this particular, which arises from the present method of conducting the Drama, the most respectable part of the house have great reason to complain, as the players on the stage speak almost as loud as people of the first distinction in the side-boxes.

2*do*, There would be none of that improper or unbecoming freedom or *double entendre*, against which some of the more rigid moralists inveigh, in the dialogue of our late comic performances. If any part of the Pantomime should happen not to be quite so

pure as it ought, (a grievance which even the spoken plays are liable to in the hands of some actors,) it will be easy for the ladies to turn their eyes half aside, or to cover them with the sticks of their fans: putting one's fingers in one's ears is not so graceful an attitude.

3tio, It will very much improve the catastrophe of some of our best English tragedies. *George Barnwell* may then be played, as I once heard a gentleman of this city propose to a Manager, with the hanging thrown into action instead of narrative, as the swing of several actors of the new company can easily be made to imitate that polite entertainment; and some of them who at present shew such dexterity in twisting their bodies into the collared-eel, and other beautiful forms, will have no difficulty of allowing themselves to be broke on the wheel in the part of *Pierre*, which being a novelty, and somewhat more natural and affecting than the mere preparatives at present exhibited, cannot fail of drawing great houses.

4to, It will evidently tend to facilitate the profession of an actor, and to widen the range from which excellence in that line is to be drawn. As things are at present, the British Stage, from the circumstance of language, is open only to the natives of England and Ireland; but if Plays are to be danced instead of spoken, their language, like that of Music, will be universal. This will remove a hardship peculiar to this part of his Majesty's dominions, which, from its provincial pronunciation, is almost entirely excluded from the Stage; but in a natural talent for dancing and feats of agility, is supposed rather to have the advantage of its sister kingdoms. If the plan I propose is adopted, I shall not be surprised, if the district of *Strathspey* should produce as uccessor to *Garrick*, and a rival to Mrs. *Siddons*.

Lastly, It will save a great deal of trouble to authors, who are often exceedingly at a loss how to carry on the dialogue of a piece through the space of five, or even of three acts. In the improved method I have taken the liberty to suggest, an author will not only, like some of our modern dramatists, have no occasion to write well, but he or she may actually compose a very good play, without having ever learned to write or read at all.

Many other advantages might be shewn to result from this proposed alteration of the mode of representing theatrical pieces; but I flatter myself, that even the imperfect announcement of the plan which I have given, will be sufficient to entitle it to the favour and patronage of persons of taste and knowledge; among whom, without flattery, Sir, I class the author of the Lounger in a very distinguished rank.

I have the honour to be, &c.

RICHARD BUSKIN.

I doubt not but it will afford pleasure to Mr. Buskin to be told, that my young academical friend approved very much of his proposal. 'In ancient Greece,' said he, 'though they did not carry this matter quite so far as your correspondent proposes, yet dancing made a chief part of the entertainment in dramatic representations. The verses indeed of *Sophocles* and *Euripides* were recited, but as we have no Sophocleses or Euripideses now, and scarce any actors who could speak their verses if we had, I believe Mr. *Buskin*'s plan to be a very expedient one. I remember one of our fellows at college, who liked eccentric anecdotes, used to tell us of a company of Comedians he fell in with in a country excursion, who having, by some little misfortune, lost their principal

actor, gave out their next day's bill in these words: 'On Monday will be presented the Tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*; the part of *Hamlet*, for that night, to be left out.'

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N° 96. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat. VIRG.

SIR,

As in reading, either for instruction or entertainment, one is always most struck with what comes nearest to one's self, we who are in the country have been particularly attentive to your rural papers. The family of which I am a member at present, have been very much entertained with them. We have found out several of our acquaintance in the letter of *Urbanus*; and even the picture of your godmother, though a little antiquated, was too strongly marked for some of our party not to discover a resemblance to it. *Adrastus*'s portrait of himself was too serious for our meddling with. We never allow our imaginations to sport with the sacredness of sorrow.

Since the receipt of those papers, it has become an amusement here to draw sketches for the Lounger; and some of us last night after supper proposed, that every one should paint his neighbour. To this fancy and a rainy morning you owe this letter. I will try to give you the whole groupe; I am sure, if I could

do it justice, it should please your benevolent readers better than the picture of Urbanus, though I give that gentleman perfect credit for the fidelity as well as the power of his pencil. But a family-piece of *Greuze* is more pleasing, though perhaps less valued, than one of *Hemskirk* or *Teniers*.

That I may, however, take no advantage, I will begin with myself. I am not of so serious a disposition as Adrastus, yet am I not altogether without some of that rural sentiment which he indulges, and which you describe. I own I had acuter feelings some five and twenty years ago; but having now lived half a century, I am become a good deal less heroic, less visionary, and less tender than I was; yet I have not forgotten what my own feelings were, and I can perfectly understand what those of younger men are; I confess I like to see them as warm as I myself was at their age, and enjoy a sort of self-flattery in thinking that I have learned to be wiser, by being a little older than they. Something of the same reflection I venture now and then to indulge, from the circumstance of being a bachelor; I think myself as well as I am, and yet I am pleased to see a husband and a father happy. And as I am neither from age nor situation quite condemned to celibacy, I have that sort of interest in an amiable woman or a promising child, that makes their company very agreeable to me, and I believe mine not unpleasant to them. I have, thank God, good health and good spirits; was bred somewhat of a scholar by my father, who lived in town, and a pretty complete sportsman by my grandfather, who resided in the country. When at school, I stole an hour or two in the evening to learn music, and had a tolerable knack at making bad verses when at college. In short, there are few things come across me in which

I am quite left out, and I have not the vanity of excellence to support in any of them.

I generally spend some months of Autumn in the country, and this season have passed them very agreeably at the house of a gentleman, who, from particular circumstances, I am pretty confident is the person you once mentioned under the appellation of *Benevolus*. A general idea of his character you have given in the paper I allude to: of his family and their country life, will you allow me to try a little sketch now?

You have hinted at the use Benevolus makes of his wealth. In the country, as far as we can gather from those around him, he gives largely; but as it is neither from the impulse of sickly sentiment or shallow vanity, his largesses tend oftener to incite industry than to supply indigence. Indeed, I have been forced to observe, that to nurse poverty is, politically speaking, to harbour idleness and vice; to prevent it is much the better way; for a man seldom thrives that does not deserve to thrive; and, except from some unfortunate accidents, which Benevolus is ever ready to pity and to redress, a man is seldom poor without deserving to be so. The occupiers of Benevolus's estate are generally thriving: he says, that to promote this is not an expensive indulgence; but, on the contrary, that he gains by it. 'Tis some money advanced at first, says he; but no capital is more productive than that which is laid out on the happiness of one's people. Some plans indeed have been suggested to him for doubling the revenue of his estate, by dispeopling it of three-fourths of its inhabitants, but he would never consent to them. If I wished for money, he replied to an adviser of these schemes, there are many trades you should rather recommend to me; but the proudest property of a country gentleman is that of men. He has not,

however, that inordinate desire for extending the bounds of his estate, that some great proprietors have. A gentleman, whose family had been reduced in its circumstances, offered his land to him for sale. Benevolus expressed his sorrow for the necessity that forced the neighbour to this measure, and, after examining into his affairs, gave him credit to the extent of his debts. The young man went abroad, and from the recommendation of his honesty and worth, and great assiduity in business, acquired a fortune sufficient to redeem his affairs. Somebody observed what an enviable purchase that gentleman's land would have been to Benevolus. 'But those acres would not have dined with me with such a face of happiness and gratitude as Mr.—— did to-day.'

Such faces, indeed, are a favourite part of the entertainment at Benevolus's table. One day of the week, which he jokingly calls his wife's rout day, there is an additional leaf put to the table, for the reception of some of the principal farmers on his estate, from whose conversation, he says, he derives much useful knowledge in country business, and in the management of his affairs. He behaves to them in such a way as to remove all restraint from the inequality of rank; and talking to every man on the subject he knows best, makes every man more pleased with himself, and more useful to those who hear him. The reception indeed of those guests strongly marks the propriety of feeling and of behaviour of the family. There is none of that sneer and tittering which one sees among the young gentlemen and ladies of other tables; the children strive who shall help the senior farmer of the set; they ask questions about the different members of his household, and sometimes send little presents to his children. I have had the charge of some parties of the young people, who dined with the farmers in return; and then we

have so many long stories when we come back in the evening. There are no such eggs, nor fowls, nor cream, as we meet with in those excursions. I am always appealed to as a voucher; and I can safely say, that we thought so, especially when we took a long walk, or fished, or shot by the way.

Benevolus has four sons and three daughters. Their education has been scrupulously attended to; and there are perhaps no young people of their age more accomplished. When I speak of their accomplishments, I do not mean only their skill in the ordinary branches of education, music, dancing, drawing, and so forth. I have seen such acquirements pass through the memory and the fingers of young people, yet leave little fruit behind them. It is not so with my young friends here; not only are the faculties employed, but the mind is enriched by all their studies. I have learned a great deal of true philosophy, during the rainy days of this season, from the little philosophers in Benevolus's library; and when I indulge myself in a morning's lounge beside the young ladies and their mother, I always rise with sentiments better regulated, with feelings more attuned, than when I sat down. The young people's accomplishments are sometimes shewn, but never exhibited; brought forth, unassumingly, to bestow pleasure on others, not to minister to their own vanity, or that of their parents. In music their talents are such as might attract the applause of the most skilful; yet they never refuse to exert them in the style that may please the most ignorant. Music their father confesses he is fond of, beyond the moderation of a philosopher. 'Tis a relaxation, he says, which indulges without debasing the feelings, which employs without wasting the mind. The first time I was here, I had rode in a very bad day through a very dreary road; it was dark before I

reached the house. The transition from the battering rain, the howling wind, and a flooded road, to a saloon lighted cheerily up, and filled with the mingled sounds of their family concert, was so delightful, that I shall never forget it.

There is, however, a living harmony in the appearance of the family, that adds considerably to the pleasure of this and every other entertainment. To see how the boys hang upon their father, and with what looks of tenderness the girls gather round their mother! 'To be happy at home,' said Benevolus one day to me, when we were talking of the sex, 'is one of the best dowries we can give a daughter with a good husband, and the best preventive against her chusing a bad one. How many miserable matches have I known some of my neighbours' girls make, merely to escape from the prison of their father's house; and having married for freedom, they resolved to be as little as they could in their husband's.'

Benevolus's Lady, though the mother of so many children, is still a very fine woman. That lofty elegance, however, which, in her younger days, I remember awing so many lovers into adoration, she has now softened into a matron gentleness, which is infinitely engaging. There is a modest neatness in her dress, a chastened grace in her figure, a sort of timid liveliness in her conversation, which we cannot but love ourselves, and are not surprised to see her husband look on with delight. In the management of her household concerns, she exerts a quiet and unperceived attention to her family and her guests, to their convenience, their sports, their amusements, which accommodates every one without the tax of seeing it bustled for. In the little circles at breakfast, where the plans of the day are laid, one never finds those faces of embarrassment, those whispers of concealment, which may be observed in some houses.

Mamma is applied to in all arrangements, consulted in schemes for excursions, in the difficulty of interfering engagements, and is often pressed to be of parties, which she sometimes enlivens with her presence.

Benevolus, in the same manner, is frequently the companion of his son's sports, and rides very keenly after an excellent pack of harriers, though they say he has gone rather seldomer out this season than he used to do, having got so good a deputy in me. He was disputing t'other day, with the clergyman of the parish, a very learned and a very worthy man, on the love of sport. 'I allow, my good Sir, (said Benevolus,) that there are better uses for time; but, exclusive of exercise to the body, there are so many dissipations more hurtful to the mind, (dissipations even of reading, of thinking, and of feeling, which are never reckoned on as such,) that if sport be harmless, it is useful. I have another reason for encouraging it in my son. It will give him an additional tie to the country, which is to be the chief scene of his future life, as a man likes his wife the better that, besides more important accomplishments, she can sing and dance; and in both cases, a man of a feeling mind will connect with the mere amusement, ideas of affection, and remembrances of tenderness. Methinks I perceive an error in the system of education which some country-gentlemen follow with their sons. They send them, when lads, to study at foreign universities, and to travel into foreign countries, and then expect them, rather unreasonably, to become country-gentlemen at their return. My son shall travel to see other countries, but he shall first learn to love his own. There is a polish, there are ornaments, I know, which travel gives; but the basis must be an attachment to home. My son's ruffles may be of lace, but his shirt must be of more durable stuff.'

In this purpose Benevolus has perfectly succeeded with his son, who is now eighteen, with much of the information of a man, but with all the unassuming modesty of a boy. 'Tis his pleasure and his pride to acknowledge the claims which his native scenes have upon him. He knows the name of every hamlet, and of its inhabitants; he visits them when he can be of use, gives encouragement to their improvements, and distributes rewards to the industrious. In return, they feel the most perfect fealty and regard to him. The old men observe how like he is to his father; and their wives trace the eyes and the lips of his mother.

The same good sense in their management, and a similar attention to their happiness, is shewn to every inferior member of Benevolus's household. His domestics revere and love him; yet regularity and attention are no where so habitual. Attention to every guest is one of the first lessons a servant learns at this house, and an attention of that useful and benevolent sort which is exactly the reverse of what is practised at some great houses in the country, where a man is vastly well attended, provided he has attendants of his own that make it needless; but a person of inferior rank may wait some time before he can find a servant whose province it is to take any care of him. At Benevolus's, it is every man's province to shew a stranger kindness; and there is an aspect of welcome in every domestic one meets. Even the mastiff in the court is so gentle, so humanized by the children, and 'bears his faculties so meek,' that the very beggar is not afraid of *Trusty*, though he bays him.

In such quarters and with such society, I do not count the weeks of my stay, like your correspondent *Urbanus*. The family talks of not visiting Edinburgh sooner than Christmas, and it is not improbable that

I may stay with them till that time: so if your coffee-house-friend takes notes of arrivals this winter, he may possibly mark me down in my seat in the coach destined for N° 7. answering the questions of two cherub-faced boys, who are a sort of pupils of mine here in all the idle branches of their education.

I am,

SIR,

V Your most obedient servant,

W. G.

N° 97. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1786.

To the feeling and the susceptible there is something wonderfully pleasing in the contemplation of genius, of that supereminent reach of mind by which some men are distinguished. In the view of highly superior talents, as in that of great and stupendous natural objects, there is a sublimity which fills the soul with wonder and delight, which expands it, as it were, beyond its usual bounds, and which, investing our nature with extraordinary powers, and extraordinary honours, interests our curiosity and flatters our pride.

This divinity of genius, however, which admiration is fond to worship, is best arrayed in the darkness of distant and remote periods, and is not easily acknowledged in the present times, or in places with which we are perfectly acquainted. Exclusive of all the deductions which envy or jealousy may sometimes be supposed to make, there is a familiarity in the near approach of persons around us, not very consistent with the lofty ideas which we wish to form of

him who has led captive our imagination in the triumph of his fancy, overpowered our feelings with the tide of passion, or enlightened our reason with the investigation of hidden truths. It may be true, that 'in the olden time' genius had some advantages which tended to its vigour and its growth; but it is not unlikely that, even in these degenerate days, it rises much oftener than it is observed; that in 'the ignorant present time' our posterity may find names which they will dignify, though we neglected, and pay to their memory those honours which their contemporaries had denied them.

There is, however, a natural, and indeed a fortunate vanity in trying to redress this wrong, which genius is exposed to suffer. In the discovery of talents generally unknown, men are apt to indulge the same fond partiality as in all other discoveries which themselves have made; and hence we have had repeated instances of painters and of poets, who have been drawn from obscure situations, and held forth to public notice and applause by the extravagant encomiums of their introductors, yet in a short time have sunk again to their former obscurity; whose merit, though perhaps somewhat neglected, did not appear to have been much undervalued by the world, and could not support, by its own intrinsic excellence, that superior place which the enthusiasm of its patrons would have assigned it.

I know not if I shall be accused of such enthusiasm and partiality, when I introduce to the notice of my readers a poet of our own country, with whose writings I have lately become acquainted; but if I am not greatly deceived, I think I may safely pronounce him a genius of no ordinary rank. The person to whom I allude is ROBERT BURNS, an *Ayrshire* ploughman, whose poems were some time ago published in a country town in the west of Scotland, with

no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents. I hope I shall not be thought to assume too much, if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view, to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellence appears to deserve.

In mentioning the circumstance of his humble station, I mean not to rest his pretensions solely on that title, or to urge the merits of his poetry when considered in relation to the lowness of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford. These particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems to me fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause. One bar, indeed, his birth and education have opposed to his fame, the language in which most of his poems are written. Even in Scotland, the provincial dialect which Ramsay and he have used, is now read with a difficulty which greatly damps the pleasure of the reader: in England it cannot be read at all, without such a constant reference to a glossary, as nearly to destroy that pleasure.

Some of his productions, however, especially those of the grave style, are almost English. From one of those I shall first present my readers with an extract, in which I think they will discover a high tone of feeling, a power and energy of expression, particularly and strongly characteristic of the mind and the voice of a poet. 'Tis from his poem entitled the *Vision*, in which the Genius of his native country, *Ayrshire*, is thus supposed to address him:

With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or, when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

Or when the deep-green mantled earth,
Warm-cherish'd every flowret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

When ripen'd fields and azure skies
Called forth the reapers rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering, shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To sooth thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild, send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By Passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

Of strains like the above, solemn and sublime, with that rapt and inspired melancholy in which the Poet lifts his eye ' above this visible diurnal sphere,' the Poems entitled, *Despondency*, the *Lament*, *Winter*, a

Dirge, and the Invocation to *Ruin*, afford no less striking examples. Of the tender and the moral, specimens equally advantageous might be drawn from the elegiac verses, entitled, *Man was made to mourn*, from *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, the Stanzas *To a Mouse*, or those *To a Mountain-Daisy*, on turning it down with the plough in April 1786. This last Poem I shall insert entire, not from its superior merit, but because its length suits the bounds of my Paper.

* Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neighbour sweet,
The bony Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mong the dewy weet
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield
Of clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stubble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sun-ward spread,

* *Wee*, little; *maun*, must; *stoure*, dust; *weet*, wet, a substantive; *cauld*, cold; *glinted*, peep'd; *bield*, shelter; *stane*, stone; *wa's*, walls; *histie*, dry, chapt, barren.

Thou lifts thy unassuming head,
In humble guise;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low in the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suff'ring worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To Misery's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He ruined sink.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine——No distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

I have seldom met with an image more truly pastoral than that of the lark, in the second stanza. Such strokes as these mark the pencil of the poet, which delineates Nature with the precision of intimacy, yet with the delicate colouring of beauty and of taste.

The power of genius is not less admirable in tracing the manners, than in painting the passions, or in drawing the scenery of Nature. That intuitive glance with which a writer like *Shakspeare* discerns

the characters of men, with which he catches the many changing hues of life, forms a sort of problem in the science of mind, of which it is easier to see the truth than to assign the cause. Though I am very far from meaning to compare our rustic bard to Shakspeare, yet whoever will read his lighter and more humorous poems, his *Dialogue of the Dogs*, his *Dedication to G—— H——, Esq;* his *Epistles to a Young Friend*, and to *W. S——n*, will perceive with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this Heaven-taught ploughman, from his humble and unlettered station, has looked upon men and manners.

Against some passages of those last-mentioned poems it has been objected, that they breathe a spirit of libertinism and irreligion. But if we consider the ignorance and fanaticism of the lower class of people in the country where these poems were written, a fanaticism of that pernicious sort which sets *faith* in opposition to *good works*, the fallacy and danger of which, a mind so enlightened as our Poet's could not but perceive; we shall not look upon his lighter Muse as the enemy of religion, (of which in several places he expresses the justest sentiments,) though she has sometimes been a little ungarded in her ridicule of hypocrisy.

In this, as in other respects, it must be allowed that there are exceptionable parts of the volume he has given to the public, which caution would have suppressed, or correction struck out; but poets are seldom cautious, and our poet had, alas! no friends or companions from whom correction could be obtained. When we reflect on his rank in life, the habits to which he must have been subject, and the society in which he must have mixed, we regret perhaps more than wonder, that delicacy should be so often offended in perusing a volume in which there is so much to interest and to please us.

Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul which are sometimes the Muse's only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content, and wooed the Muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortunes have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learnt from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek under a West-Indian clime that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose 'wood-notes wild' possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride.

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N° 98. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1786.

——*Nec domos potentum*
Nossemus, nec imagines superabs.

MART.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

IT is a long time since my last correspondence with you; and indeed, I did not know that your paper continued to come out, till lately that I saw it at a certain great house where I was on a visit. Of that visit, Mr. Lounger, if you will give me leave, I will tell you some particulars. Since I find that some of the great folks take in your paper, it may do them no harm to be told a little how things are about them; or if, as I am apt to believe, they are not easily to be mended, it will at least give us little folks some satisfaction to get out our thoughts of them.

Your predecessor, the author of the *Mirror*, who was kind enough to take some interest in my family, was well acquainted with its connection with Lady ——, the great Lady who first set my wife and daughters heads agog about fashion and finery. In my last to you, I informed you of our having luckily lost her acquaintance, though I had got into another hobble by our intimacy with my rich neighbour young *Mushroom*. I am ashamed to tell you, Sir, how things have come about; but, as I told Mr. Mirror, I was always rather too easy in my way: I have been

myself on a visit at the house of the great Lady! (I beg her Lord's pardon, but that's the way of speaking in our neighbourhood.) But this comes through Mr. Mushroom too. You must know, that since he came home, by presents of shawls and muslins to my Lady, and as some folks say, by lending some of his spare rupees to my Lord, he is become a great favourite at —— Lodge. And so my Lord and Lady and he have laid their heads together, that Mr. Mushroom shall be member for our county the next vacancy; and they have been driving and riding about among us, and giving feasts and dances at ——— Lodge and Mushroom Hall. I fought a little shy, as the saying is; but Mrs. and Miss Mushroom so tickled the ears of my wife and daughters, and my Lady talked so much of the happiness she had formerly enjoyed at my house, and of her regret for having lost the honour of my daughter Mrs. ——'s acquaintance, that they were silly enough to forgive all her former neglect of them; and then they so belaboured me with the great things that might be expected from my Lord's patronage, and Mr. Mushroom's attachment to my family, (and they had some shauls and muslins too,) that I at last agreed to give my vote as they wished. Oh! then, there was so much fuss and kindness, and such invitations to go to —— Lodge, and so many honours and pleasures—that, in short, Mr. Lounger, having got in my corn and sold my cattle, I was prevailed on to lay out a little of the money in a new suit, to get a new saddle and bridle for my mare, to trim my brown colt for a portmanteau horse, and mounting John upon him, whom I could best spare at this season too, I accompanied one of my brother freeholders, a plain man like myself, who takes a little of his wife's advice, to —— Lodge.

As I knew something of the hours there, I took care that we should not reach the house till within a few minutes of four, though my neighbour was in a sort of flutter the last three miles for fear of being too late. But when we got off our horses, and walked into the lobby, we found we were much too early for the house. We had stalked about for some minutes, without knowing where we should go, when, who should I see come in but my old acquaintance Mr. *Papillot*, though it seems he had forgotten me; for when I asked him if my Lord or his Lady were within, he gave me a broad stare, and said that some of the servants would inform us. None of the servants, however, chose to be so kind; for though one or two peeped out of this and that door, they took no sort of concern in us, till at last a big surly-looking fellow appeared, pulling down the ruffles of his shirt, and bade us follow him into the saloon. Here we found an open window, and a half kindled fire, and were left to cool our heels for above an hour before any living creature appeared. At last a civil enough sort of gentleman, whose name I never heard, for the family called him nothing but Captain, came in, and after talking a little to us about the weather, the roads, and the crop, (though he seemed to have but a bad notion of farming,) left the room again, telling us, that my Lord and Lady would soon be down; but that dinner was somewhat later that day than usual, as they and their company had been at a bear-baiting, my Lord's bear having been backed against his neighbour Sir Harry Driver's dogs. This accident kept us from our dinner till six o'clock, by which time my neighbour and I, who had breakfasted betimes, were almost famished. Meanwhile we were left to entertain ourselves with the pictures, not to mention my Lady's French lap-dog, which a servant brought in (I suppose by the time he had been

dressed for dinner) and laid on a cushion at the fire-side. I found indeed one of the late numbers of the *Lounger*, which I began to read; but my neighbour *Broadcast* yawned so on the first page, that I laid it by out of complaisance to him. Soon after the lap-dog, some of her Ladyship's company came in one after another, and did us the honour of staring at us, and speaking to the lap-dog. The dinner bell was rung before my Lady appeared, who, to do her justice, behaved politely enough, and began to ask half a dozen questions about our wives and children, to which she did not wait for an answer; but to say truth she had her hands full of the bear-baiting company, who, when they were all assembled, made a very numerous party. My Lord entered a few minutes after her; he did not give himself much trouble about any of us, till on the Captain's whispering something in his ear, he came up to whêre my neighbour and I stood, and said he was very happy to have the honour of seeing us at —— Lodge.

When we went to dinner, we contrived to place ourselves on each side of our good friend the Captain, and things went on pretty well. I knew that at such a table the victuals were not always what they seemed; and therefore I was cautious of asking for any of your figured dishes. At last, however, I got helped to a mutton-chop, as I would have called it; but the Captain told me it was a ragout. When I tasted it, it was so Frenchified, and smelt so of garlic, which I happen to have an aversion to, that I was glad to get rid of it as soon (and that was not very soon) as I could prevail on a servant to take away my plate. The Captain, who guessed my taste I suppose, very kindly informed me there was roast beef on the side-board, and sent a request to a fine gentleman out of livery, who had the carv-

ing of it, for a slice for me. But whether he thought I looked like a cannibal, or that the dish, being little in request, was neglected in the roasting, he sent me a monstrous thick cut, so red and raw, that I could not touch a morsel of it: so that I was obliged to confine my dinner to the leg and wing of a partridge, which the second course afforded me. I did not observe how my friend Broadcast fared at dinner; but I saw he catched a Tartar at the desert; for happening to take a mouthful of a peach, as he thought it, what should it be but a lump of ice, that stung his hollow tooth to the quick, and brought the tears over his cheeks. The wine after dinner might have consoled us for all these little misfortunes, if we had had time to partake of it: but there the French mode came across us again, and we had drank but a few glasses, and had not got half through the history of the bear-baiting, when coffee was brought.

When we went into the drawing-room, we found the card-tables set, and my Lady engaged with a party at whist. She recommended some of us to the care of a friend of hers, a lady somewhat advanced in life, though she was still a maiden one, for they called her *Miss Lurcher*, who made up a table at farthing-loo. As this was a game I was used to play at home, and the stake was so very trifling, I consented to make one. My neighbour Broadcast refused, and sat down at the other end of the room, to hear one of the young ladies play on the harpsichord, and where he affronted himself by falling asleep. It had been as well for some other people that they had been asleep too. This game, though it began with farthings, soon mounted up to a very considerable sum, and I had once lost to the amount of twenty pounds. A lucky reverse of fortune brought me a little up again, and I went to supper

only 5000 farthings, that is, five guineas out of pocket. It would not become me to suspect any foul play at —— Lodge; but I could not help observing, that Miss Lurcher held *Pam* plaguily often. I have been told since, that she has little other fortune than what she makes by her good luck at cards: and yet she was as finely drest as my Lady, and had as fine a plume of feathers on her hat: I shall never look on that hat again without thinking that I see *Pam* in the front of it.

When we were shewn to our rooms, I looked for the attendance of John, to whom I had given strict charge to be watchful in that matter; but he was not to be found, and, I was told, had never appeared at the Lodge after he went with his horses to the inn. Before going to bed, I stole into the chamber where my friend Broadcast lay, and agreed with him, who seemed as willing to be gone as myself, that we should cut short our visit, and (since French was the word) take a French leave early next morning. We were both up by day-light, and groped our way down stairs to get our hats and whips, that we might make our escape to where John and the horses were lodged. But we could not find our road to the lobby, by which we had entered. There did not seem to be a creature stirring in the house; and, after wandering through several empty halls, in one of which we found a backgammon table open, with a decanter not quite empty, on which was a claret label, we went down a few steps to another passage, where we imagined we heard somebody stirring. But we had not gone many steps when the rattle of a chain made us take to our heels; and it was well we did; for we were within half a yard of being saluted by my Lord's bear, whose quarters it seems we had strayed into. The noise of our flight, and his pursuit, brought a chambermaid, who happened to

be up, to our assistance, and by her means we had the good fortune to get safely through the lobby into the lawn, from whence we had only a mile or two's walk to the inn where John was put up.

For want of John's attendance, I had comforted myself with the reflection, that if he had not been employed in taking care of me, the horses would fare the better for it. But when we reached the house, we found that John had been employed in nothing but taking care of himself. The servants of my Lord's other guests who were there, kept a very good house, as the landlord called it; and John had been a good deal jollier at dinner the day before than his master. It was with some difficulty we got him on his legs, and brought him along with us. It was a long time before my portmanteau could be found; and my new bridle, with a plaited bit, had been exchanged by some clearer-headed fellow for an old snaffle not worth a groat.

Such, Sir, is the history of my first visit, and I hope my last, to —— Lodge. But as I have found the experience even of one visit a little expensive, I think it is doing a kindness to people in my situation, to let them know what they have to expect there. When my Lord asks a vote again, let it be conditioned on the part of the freeholder, that he shan't be obliged to study the pictures of his saloon above half an hour, that he shall have something to eat and something to drink at dinner, and be insured from falling into the paws of the bear, or the hands of Miss Lurcher.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

Z

N° 99. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

WITHOUT being thought partial to the present times, I believe one may venture to say, that in point of invention and discovery, this age very much excels any former one. In physics, in electricity, in chemistry, in mechanics, new worlds, if I may use the expression, have been opened to our researches. But in Britain we have a compendious way of calculating the number of inventions. If I am not misinformed, there have passed the offices within these twenty years no fewer than 167 patents; so that this island alone has in that very inconsiderable space added 167 discoveries to the stock of knowledge which our fathers possessed.

Nor has France been less productive than her sister-kingdom. Besides the balloon, of which she may certainly claim the practical application, if Britain shall dispute the discovery of the principle, there are many other inventions, equally wonderful though less brilliant, which her philosophers have atchieved; and some of those which his British Majesty has sanctioned with his royal patent, are only naturalised subjects, which had their birth in the territories of the Most Christian King.

Of all discoveries ancient or modern, the most useful perhaps, as well as the most wonderful, took its rise in Paris about three years ago: I mean the *Animal Magnetism* of the illustrious *Dr. Mesmer.* This has lately been imported into England, and is

now practised with the greatest success by one of the Doctor's disciples in London. To Scotland I believe it has not yet found its way; which, considering the ingenuity of the people, is to me somewhat surprising. I hope I shall not be thought to trespass against the nature or design of your paper, if I wish to make it the vehicle for communicating this invaluable discovery to my native country; for, notwithstanding I have resided chiefly abroad, I am proud to declare myself a Scotsman; and though, in enumerating the properties of this wonderful art, I must necessarily make use of technical terms; yet, as I know this city to be as it were the emporium of medicine, I flatter myself I shall here find a multitude of readers, who could perfectly understand me, even without the translation, which I shall endeavour to affix to moſt of the medical phrases I make use of.

I do not know, Sir, whether the immortal Mesmer flourished at the time you were abroad. If your travels were before his time, you may not have heard of his process of magnetising. The ceremony is simple and beautiful. The company sit in a saloon fitted up in the most elegant style, round a *baquet* or large vessel, forming a figure like the *a-la-ronde* of a cotillon. From the baquet, which is covered and ornamented as becomes the altar of Hygeia, rise those enchanted rods, if I may use the expression, by which the magnetic virtue communicated by the artist is transmitted. At the end of the apartment is a piano-forte and harmonica, from which the great man himself, who, like his predecessor Apollo, cultivates both medicine and song, brings those lively airs, or dying falls, which assist or temper the effects of his divine art. Within the saloon is a smaller apartment, called the *Chambre de Crise*; but of this the secrets must not be 'to mortal ears

divulged.' Suffice it to say, that that chamber has been witness to the most wonderful effects of the medico-magnetical art that ever astonished man. Such sublime agonies, such beautiful convulsions! I remember before the apostate *Deslon* had made the first schism in our faith, having assisted in the celebrated case of Madame de P——, where our master and all the body initiated were present. There was first a *Paracusis*, or imperfect hearing, changed into a *Surditas*, or complete deafness; changed into a *Pseudoblepsis*, or uncertain sight; changed into a perfect *Caligo*, or blindness; changed into a *Hallucinatio*, or dulness; changed into a *Morosis*; changed into a *Hysteria*; changed into a *Delirium*; changed into a *Mania*, or raging madness! These, Sir, are the progressive miracles by which a physician shews the power and the utility of his art!

But my enthusiasm has carried me from my purpose, which was, humbly to announce myself as a disciple and initiated of the illustrious Mesmer, and to offer my assistance to the genteeler part of the community here, for a cure of most of the diseases to which they are subject. Though it is the advantage of our practice, that a knowledge of the patient's disorder is nowise necessary to the cure; yet, in order to shew that I am not an ignorant or illiterate Quack, likely to be deceived myself or to deceive others, I will state the maladies, as well idiopathic as symptomatic, to which patients of the fashionable and higher orders of the people are chiefly liable, which I flatter myself no vulgar or empty smatterer in physic could have observed or delineated; all of which I undertake to cure by magnetism alone. In enumerating these disorders, I shall follow the classification usually adopted by the most eminent writers on Nosology.

Under the class *Pyrexiæ*, or fevers, I have observed such patients extremely liable to what medical writers term the *Synochus hiemalis* *, or Winter-fever. The symptoms are, a reftlessness, a desire of changing place, and that sort of horror at being alone, which is common in diseases of this class; especially when, as is the case here, the brain is considerably affected. I mention this disorder first, not only from the order in which it is technically classed, but because I wish to excite the attention of your readers to it more immediately, this being the season of the year when it is apt to break out.

Another disorder of the same class, and nearly connected with the former, is the *Synocha scarlatina*, a sort of scarlet fever, which, like other disorders of the kind, principally appears in the face. This disease was scarcely known in Scotland till within these twelve or fourteen years, being of the endemial sort, with which only certain very large towns, like Paris and London, were supposed to be visited. Like other fevers of this tribe, it is subject to the *Remissiones Matutinæ*, and the *Accessiones Vespertinæ*, or, in common language, is hardly perceptible in the morning, but very observable in the evening; or sometimes it intermits for several days at a time, though it generally leaves a great degree of *Icterus* or yellowness on the skin. It is almost entirely a female disease, and has this peculiar circumstance attending it, which we may perhaps ascribe to the difference of climate, that in France, where it has long prevailed, it chiefly affects adults and married women; but in Britain, especially in Scotland, it is more frequent among the young and the unmarried.

* *Vid.* the *Genera Morborum* of Dr. Cullen, p. 70. It is unnecessary to make references as to every particular disorder mentioned in the course of this Paper; the learned reader will easily perceive, that, except in one instance (the *Nostalgia*), I have implicitly adopted the arrangement of that celebrated author.

On the other hand, there is a species of the *Phrenitis*, to which matrons and women advanced to the middle stage of life are more liable than those of a more tender age; but as it is of a highly contagious kind, those young persons who have frequent communication with them, are very liable to be infected with it. Its symptoms are exactly what medical writers impute to this genus of the *Phlegmasiæ*, 'Rubor faciei, lucis intolerantia, et pervigilium:' A redness of face, a hatred of the light, (that is, of the light of the sun,) and a wakefulness (or very late sitting up.)

Under the class *Neuroses*, or nervous, there is a great variety of disorders to which people of the highest ranks are liable, (to whom I beg leave to repeat, that my practice is entirely confined,) which the Medico-magnetism entirely eradicates. The *Hypochondriasis*, or Spleen, which is a sort of generic name for a great variety of those disorders, it perfectly removes. I have known several pretenders to science prescribe, as a cure for this disorder, something which was evidently borrowed from our method of performing the magnetic operation; their patients sat round a bowl instead of a baquet, and were touched with glass instead of steel. But besides that this was only to be practised with male patients, it is in fact a mere palliative, not a radical remedy, and after frequent use is extremely apt to bring on a *Hydrophobia*.

Under this class may be properly enumerated the varieties of the order *Spasmi*, or irregular motions to which people of fashion are peculiarly liable. Young ladies are frequently attacked with this disorder, particularly in public places and crowded rooms, or at the near approach of the young, the fashionable, the rich, or the noble of the other sex. This species of the *Chorea*, which I have had occasion to remark in such circumstances, is perfectly cured by that art

which I have the honour to profess; it arises, indeed, from a superabundant degree of animal magnetism, and is not more remarkable in the female sex, than is the negative state of those persons of the other, by whose approximation it is caused, who generally exhibit every mark of lassitude, indifference, and inanition, or, as some modern physicians write that term, inanity. A closer connection, however, between these two sets of patients, as may easily be accounted for from natural causes, commonly restores the equilibrium; or sometimes the magnetical proportions are reversed; the female becomes the negative or the indifferent, the male the positive or irritable subject.

Under this class of the nervous, and of the order to which physicians give the appellation *Vesaniae*, may be mentioned the various kinds of *Melancholia* to which the higher ranks of life have been lately subject, particularly among the men. The *Melancholia religiosa* is now scarcely known, or at least is nothing different from the *Melancholia vulgaris*, to which my prescriptions do not apply. But there are other species now very frequent, which were formerly little known, though they had always a place in the lists of Nosology; such is the *Melancholia errabunda*, the wandering melancholy; the *Melancholia saltans*, the dancing melancholy; and that variety known by the name of *Melancholia hippantropica*, or horse-jockey phrenzy; the first is commonly caught abroad, the last more frequently at home.

Under this genus, though I know it is differently classed by several eminent medical writers, I would enumerate the *Nostalgia*, or that longing desire for particular places, which affects the mind and the health of the patient. In French this is called the *Maladie de pays;* but the species most common in my experience is the *Maladie de la ville*, to which

country Ladies in particular are extremely liable. It has this material difference from the other, that the *Maladie de pays* is cured by allowing the patients to visit their natal soil. Now, though that may succeed with natives of countries such as Switzerland or our Highlands, who are afflicted with what physicians term the *Nostalgia simplex*, and whose complaint a single visit to the land of their nativity generally removes; yet, with the disease in question, the *Maladie de la ville*, one, or even two or three visits to town, rather increase than abate the disorder, and absence is found to be a much better remedy. My magnetism, however, effectually relieves it. There is another species of the *Nostalgia*, which we may call the *Nostalgia politica*, or political love of our country, which my art also entirely removes, though I must candidly own, that this disorder is frequently cured by other metals besides the magnet. Of this political distemper there are some species that rather come under the genus of the *Tympanites*, of which the symptoms are given by nosological writers, 'Partis morbidæ tumescentia sonora, cum rejectione aeris frequenti, et cæterarum partium debilitate maxima' (a disorder puffed up and windy, with a great weakness of parts). It used to be felt in this country only in that particular slighter sort, now little known, which physicians term the *Tympanites Stewartii*, but of late it has raged with great violence in every species and degree.

Since I am mentioning *Switzerland*, I may take notice of another disorder, or rather external deformity, which used to be reckoned peculiar to the inhabitants of the Alps, the *Barba Helvetica*, or *Gouetre;* but of late this unnatural protuberance has made amazing progress among the female world in Great Britain; and within these few weeks begins to appear also under the chins of the male.

As I must have already trespassed on your patience, I forbear to enumerate a variety of disorders under the class of the *Locales*, or local affections to which the fashionable world is subject, and which I engage perfectly to cure by my medico-magnetical process. Such are many of the *Dysosthesiæ*, or depravation of the senses; for example, the *Dysopia proximorum*, and the *Pseudoblepsis mutans*, in which diseases persons quite near, and formerly well known, are neither seen nor remembered. With this last disorder, I have seen some female patients so much affected, as not to know their husbands from other men; while, among the other sex, I have seen husbands who took half a dozen other women for their wives.

Among the diseases of the ear, one of the most prevalent is the *Paracusis imaginaria*, to which both sexes are equally liable; and another variety of the same tribe, more frequent among female patients, called the *Susurrus criticus*, or Scandal buzz.

Of the genus *Paraphoniæ*, or disorders of the voice, we have frequent occasion to observe the *Paraphonia puberum*, with which so many of our boys are affected; and the *Paraphonia clangens* or *resonans*, which is so common a disorder among our young ladies.

All the above-mentioned diseases, and many others which I have not room to enumerate, I undertake entirely and effectually to remove by magnetism alone, without the intervention of any other external application, or the exhibition of any medicine whatsoever. I trust, Sir, the dignity of your Paper is too well known, and I am conscious that my own intentions are too pure, to give room for supposing that any thing else than the love of science, and a regard for our fellow-creatures, could induce either of us to communicate to the public, that I possess and mean to use this art for the benefit of people of rank and fashion

in this metropolis. Such will be informed of the particulars of my plan, by inquiring for Dr. F. at *Dunn's Hotel*, St. Andrew's Street, left-hand side of the way.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L. F.

Member of many Academies.

N° 100. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1786.

AMONG the cautions which prudence and worldly wisdom inculcate on the young, or at least among those sober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is said to result from the pursuit of letters and of science, in men destined for the labours of business, for the active exertions of professional life. The abstraction of learning, the speculations of science, and the visionary excursions of fancy, are fatal, it is said, to the steady pursuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding industry which ordinary business demands. The fineness of mind, which is created or increased by the study of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is supposed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which professional eminence is gained; as a nicely-tempered edge applied to a coarse and rugged material, is unable to perform what a more common instrument would have successfully atchieved. A young man destined for law or commerce, is advised to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and Dulness is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddess, under whose protection the

honours of station and the blessings of opulence are to be attained; while Learning and Genius are proscribed, as leading their votaries to barren indigence and merited neglect. In doubting the truth of these assertions, I think I shall not entertain any hurtful degree of scepticism, because the general current of opinion seems of late years to have set too strongly in the contrary direction; and one may endeavour to prop the failing cause of literature, without being accused of blameable or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and experience produce, of idleness, of dissipation, and of poverty, brought on by an indulgence of literary or poetical enthusiasm, the evidence must necessarily be on one side of the question only. Of the few whom learning or genius have led astray, the ill-success or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the sufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown, from the insignificance of those by whom it was endured. If we may reason *à priori* on the matter, the chances, I think, should be on the side of literature.

In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural aversion to the drudgery of business, which is seldom overcome, till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progress of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enlisted on the side of their profession, by the opening prospects of ambition or emolument. From this tyranny, as youth conceives it, of attention and of labour, relief is commonly sought from some favourite avocation or amusement, for which a young man either finds or steals a portion of his time, either patiently plods through his task, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival, by deserting his work before the legal period for amusement is arrived. It may fairly be questioned, whether the most inno-

cent of those amusements is either so honourable or so safe, as the avocations of learning or of science. Of minds uninformed and gross, whom youthful spirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amusements will generally be either boisterous or effeminate, will either dissipate their attention or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by those rigid masters who exact the most scrupulous observance of the periods destined for business. The waste of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loss; but the waste or the depravation of mind is a loss of a much higher denomination. The votary of study, or the enthusiast of fancy, may incur the first; but the latter will be suffered chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of imagination, has left to the grossness of mere sensual enjoyments.

In this, as in other respects, the love of letters is friendly to sober manners and virtuous conduct, which in every profession is the road to success and to respect. Without adopting the common-place reflections against some particular departments, it must be allowed, that in mere men of business, there is a certain professional rule of right, which is not always honourable, and though meant to be selfish, very seldom profits. A superior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the sense of honour, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a desertion of those principles.

The moral beauty of those dispositions may perhaps rather provoke the smile, than excite the imitation, of mere men of business and the world. But I will venture to tell them, that, even on their own principles, they are mistaken. The qualities which they sometimes prefer as more calculated for pushing a young man's way in life, seldom attain the end, in

contemplation of which they are not so nice about the means. This is strongly exemplified by the ill-success of many, who, from their earliest youth, had acquired the highest reputation for sharpness and cunning. Those trickish qualities look to small advantages unfairly won, rather than to great ones honourably attained. The direct, the open, and the candid, are the surest road to success in every department of life. It needs a certain superior degree of ability to perceive and to adopt this; mean and uninformed minds seize on corners, which they cultivate with narrow views to very little advantage: enlarged and well-informed minds embrace great and honourable objects; and if they fail of obtaining them, are liable to none of those pangs which rankle in the bosom of artifice defeated or of cunning over-matched.

To the improvement of our faculties as well as of our principles, the love of letters appears to be favourable. Letters require a certain sort of application, though of a kind perhaps very different from that which business would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in themselves, as that word is used in the language of the world; yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amusement of some use, as those sports of children in which Numbers are used, familiarise them to the elements of arithmetic. They give room for the exercise of that discernment, that comparison of objects, that distinction of causes, which is to increase the skill of the physician, to guide the speculations of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer; and though some professions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is scarce any branch of business in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labour. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed

of all qualities the least necessary, that those who possessed it in a degree above their fellows, have found, from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and to wealth.

But I must often repeat, that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity; a truth which it may be thought declamation to insist on, but which the present time seems particularly to require being told. The influx of foreign riches and of foreign luxury, which this country has of late experienced, has almost levelled every distinction but that of money among us. The crest of noble or illustrious ancestry has sunk before the sudden accumulation of wealth in vulgar hands; but that were little, had not the elegance of manners, had not the dignity of deportment, had not the pride of virtue, which used to characterise some of our high-born names, given way to that tide of fortune, which has lifted the low, the illiterate, and the unfeeling, into stations of which they were unworthy. Learning and genius have not always resisted the torrent; but I know no bulwarks better calculated to resist it. The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain classical pride, which, from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero, and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown insects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge nor ennobled by virtue. The 'non omnis moriar' of the poet draws on futurity for the deficiencies of the present; and even in the present, those avenues of more refined pleasure, which the cultivation of knowledge, of fancy, and of feeling opens to the mind, give to the votary of science a real superiority of enjoyment in what he possesses, and free him from

much of that envy and regret which less cultivated spirits feel from their wants.

In the possession, indeed, of what he has attained, in that rest and retirement from his labours, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened and his cares were soothed, the mere man of business frequently undergoes suffering, instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy, as one ought, is an easy art; but to know how to be idle, is a very superior accomplishment. This difficulty is much increased with persons to whom the habit of employment has made some active exertion necessary; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuse themselves with those lighter trifles in which he, who inherited idleness as he did fortune, from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement. The miseries and mortifications of the 'retired pleasures' of men of business have been frequently matter of speculation to the moralist and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusement with professional labour, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his mind when unbent from business, some employment for those hours which retirement or solitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the use of one's time is not the least valuable species of freedom. This liberty the Man of Letters enjoys: while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thraldom of business, only to become the slaves of languor, intemperance, or vice.

But the situation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters bestow are chiefly conspicuous, is old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumscribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminished. Unfit for the bustle of affairs and the amusements of his

youth, an old man, if he has no source of mental
exertion or employment, often settles into the gloom
of melancholy and peevishness, or petrifies his feel-
ings by habitual intoxication. From an old man
whose gratifications were solely derived from those
sensual appetites which time has blunted, or from
those trivial amusements of which youth only ca
share, age has cut off almost every source of enjoymen
But to him who has stored his mind with the infor
mation, and can still employ it in the amusement o
letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. H
acts, he thinks, and he feels with that literary worl
whose society he can at all times enjoy. There i
perhaps no state more capable of comfort to our
selves, or more attractive of veneration from others
than that which such an old age affords; it is then th
twilight of the passions, when they are mitigated bu
not extinguished, and spread their gentle influenc
over the evening of our days, in alliance with reaso
and in amity with virtue.

Nor perhaps, if fairly estimated, are the littl
polish and complacencies of social life less increase
by the cultivation of letters, than the enjoymen
of solitary or retired leisure. To the politeness o
form and the ease of manner, business is naturall
unfavourable, because business looks to the use, no
the decoration of things. But the man of busines
who has cultivated letters, will commonly hav
softened his feelings, if he has not smoothed hi
manner or polished his address. He may be awk
ward, but will seldom be rude; may trespass i
the ignorance of ceremonial, but will not offen
against the substantial rules of civility. In con
versation, the pedantry of profession unavoidably in
sinuates itself among men of every calling. Th
lawyer, the merchant, and the soldier, (this last per
haps, from obvious enough causes, the most of the

three,) naturally slide into the accustomed train of thinking and the accustomed style of conversation. The pedantry of the man of learning is generally the most tolerable and the least tiresome of any; and he who has mixed a certain portion of learning with his ordinary profession, has generally corrected, in a considerable degree, the abstraction of the one, and the coarseness of the other.

In the more important relations of society, in the closer intercourse of friend, of husband, and of father, that superior delicacy and refinement of feeling which the cultivation of the mind bestows, heighten affection into sentiment, and mingle with such connections a dignity and tenderness which give its dearest value to our existence. In fortunate circumstances those feelings enhance prosperity; but in the decline of fortune, as in the decline of life, their influence and importance are chiefly felt. They smooth the harshness of adversity, and on the brow of misfortune print that languid smile, which their votaries would often not exchange for the broadest mirth of those unfeelingly prosperous men, who possess good fortune, but have not a heart for happiness.

Z

N° 101. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1787.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit. VIRG.

MY latest predecessor has compared the opening Paper of a periodical publication, to the first entry of a stranger into a room full of company. I think

I may borrow his idea, and not unaptly liken the concluding Paper of such a work to a person's going out of such a room. The same doubt whether he shall go or remain a little longer, the same reflections on what he may have said in the openness of his heart during his stay in the company, the same solicitude about what people will think of him when he is gone, attend the periodical author and the guest. And though the ease of modern manners has relieved us in a great measure from the ceremonial of such a situation; yet still an author, like a person of consequence, cannot with propriety take what is called a French leave of his company, but must formally announce his departure as an event in which the persons he is about to quit are considerably interested.

The author of a periodical performance has indeed a claim to the attention and regard of his readers, more interesting than that of any other writer. Other writers submit their sentiments to their readers, with the reserve and circumspection of him who has had time to prepare for a public appearance. He who has followed *Horace*'s rule, of keeping his book nine years in his study, must have withdrawn many an idea which in the warmth of composition he had conceived, and altered many an expression which in the hurry of writing he had set down. But the periodical Essayist commits to his readers the feelings of the day, in the language which those feelings have prompted. As he has delivered himself with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendship, he will naturally look for the indulgence which those relations may claim; and when he bids his readers adieu, will hope, as well as feel, the regrets of an acquaintance and the tenderness of a friend.

There is somewhat of this regret, and somewhat of this tenderness, in the last farewell we take of any thing. That place must have been very unpleasant, that companion very disagreeable indeed, whom, after a long sojourn, or society, we can leave without some degree of melancholy in thinking that we shall see them no more. Even that abode, or that society, with which we have been for months or years disgusted and distressed, long habit and acquaintance so ally to our minds, that we often wonder why we are so little rejoiced at the arrival of a period for which we have frequently wished; that our parting should rather be sad than gay, and bring us, amidst the reflections of relief, an involuntary feeling of regret.

But as the *Lounger* flatters himself that he has not been altogether an unentertaining, or at least not a disagreeable companion to his readers, he may hope for a parting on more favourable terms; that on the morning of next Saturday, they will miss his company at the accustomed time, as something which used to be expected with pleasure; and think of the papers which on that day of so many past weeks they have read, as the correspondence of one who wished their happiness and contributed to their amusement.

If he may judge from what himself has experienced in similar circumstances, they will be apt to indulge a personification of the author of these sheets, and give him 'a local habitation and a name,' according to the ideas they may have formed in the course of his performance. When such a writer has withdrawn himself from that sort of authority which he claimed for his opinions, that sort of credit which he assumed for his situation, we are naturally inclined to examine the reality of each; as at the death of an acquaintance, we talk with more precision and

assurance than formerly, of his age, his character, and his circumstances. To ascertain, as well as to satisfy any such inquiry, the Authors of the Lounger will fairly unfold themselves; not individually, for that were to assume an importance to which they are not entitled; but they have an aggregate name, by which, like corporations, they can be known and impleaded: they are the same Society which, some years ago, published in this country their periodical Essays under the title of the *Mirror*.

In making this declaration, they incur as much danger, perhaps, as they assume distinction. He who has some merit of ancestry to support, draws the attention more closely upon his own. During the course of this publication, they have sometimes been amused with the discovery of its inferiority to its predecessor; and have heard, with a mixture of mortification and of pride, some people express their regret, that the Authors of the Mirror did not write in the Lounger, and rescue it from the less able hands into which it had fallen. It may still indeed be said, that an author is often 'sibi impar;' that a second work is seldom equal in merit to the first. But they may be allowed to indulge themselves in the belief, that great part of the criticism arose from a natural enough propensity to undervalue what has not yet been sanctioned by the general opinion; from that disposition, common in every thing, not to be satisfied merely with what is good, but with what is called good. Be this, however, as it may, the Authors of the two Works found themselves somewhat flattered by the remark; as a mother can but slightly resent the criticism of her daughter's beauty, when it only discovers that she herself was handsomer some twenty years ago.

When thus, like *Prospero*, they 'break their staff,' and lay aside the airy power they had assumed, they feel,

like him, the loss of that society which the *Lounger* had raised around them. The visionary characters with which he had peopled their acquaintance, they cannot help regretting as departed friends; and it is not without a sigh that they dismiss *Peter* from his service. But they owe that sort of disclosure of themselves which this paper has made to sincerity; and there is something more solemn in their obligation to this avowal now, because it is the last time they will have an opportunity of making it. Particular circumstances induce them to declare, that they will not again appear before the public, as periodical Essayists, in any shape, or under any name. If any future Work of that kind shall happen to come out, they will have no claim to its merits, nor responsibility for its defects.

It only remains for them to do justice to those correspondents to whose assistance they have been indebted during the course of their Work. To correspondents they owe the following papers: N° 7; the letter subscribed *Mary Careful*, in N° 8; N°s 11. 16. 19. 24.; the letters from *Theatricus*, in N° 25.; from *Philomusos*, in N° 42.; from *John Trueman*, in N° 44.; the letters signed *Almeria*, in N° 46.; *Jessamina*, in N° 53. and *Hannah Waitfort*, in N° 55.; N°s 59. 60. 63. 70. 79. and the Poem in N° 85.

Of their readers, as well as their correspondents, they cannot take leave without a very sensible and lively regret. While they dictate this concluding paragraph, it is with a melancholy feeling they reflect, that it deprives them of an opportunity of cultivating that correspondence, and of committing to those readers the sentiments of their hearts; that it drops the curtain on their mimic state, and surrenders them to the less interesting occupations of ordinary life. Yet twice to have made a not un-

successful excursion into this region of fancy and of literary dominion, is to have atchieved something which falls but to the lot of few. They can anticipate, with a venial degree of self-applause, the talk of their age, recalling the period of their publications with an old man's fondness, an author's vanity, and a Scotsman's pride; happy if any one of their number, who shall then be pointed out as a writer in the *Mirror* or the *Lounger*, need not blush to avow them as works that endeavoured to list amusement on the side of taste, and to win the manners to decency and to goodness.

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END OF VOL. XL.

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